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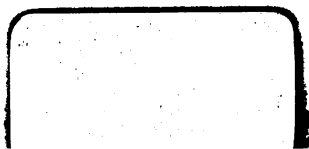
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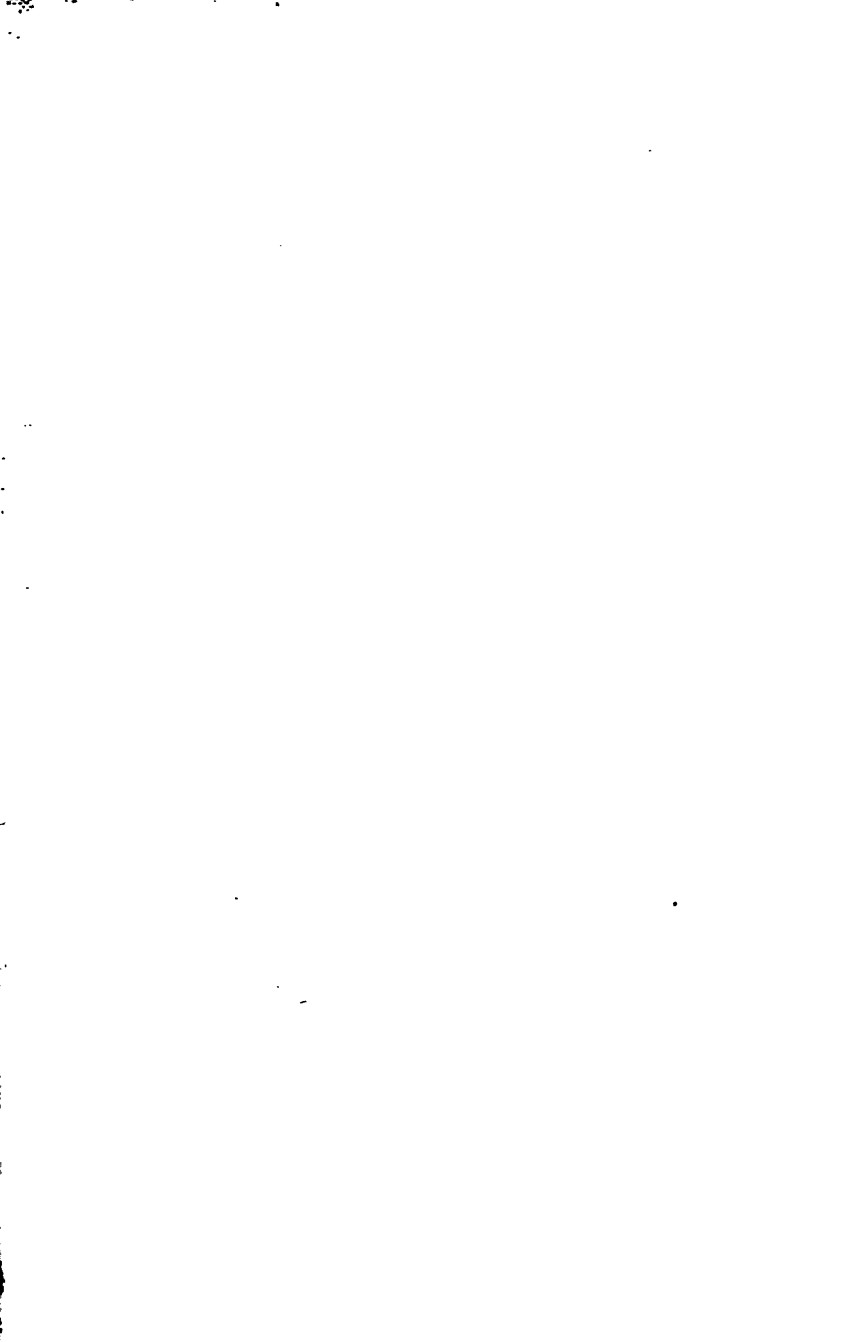
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GOLF FACTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY
FRANCIS QUIMET

ILLUSTRATED



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**GOLF FACTS
FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE**



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CHAPTER I

MY INTRODUCTION TO GOLF

BIG brothers" have a lot of responsibility in life, more than most of them realize. "Little brother" is reasonably certain to follow their example, to a greater or less degree, hence the better the example set, the better for all concerned. My own case is just one illustration. Whether I was destined to become a golfer anyway, I cannot say; but my first desire to hit a golf ball, as I recall, arose from the fact that my older brother, Wilfred, became the proud possessor of a couple of golf clubs when I was five years old, and at the same time I acquired the idea that the thing I wanted most in the

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world was to have the privilege of using those clubs.

Thus it was that, at the age of five years my acquaintanceship with the game of golf began. To say that the game has been a wonderful source of pleasure to me might lead the reader to think that the greatest pleasure of all has been derived from winning tournaments and prizes. I can truthfully say that nothing is further from the fact. Of course, I am pleased to have won my fair share of tournaments; I appreciate the honor of having once won the national open championship; but the winning is absolutely secondary. It is the game itself that I love. Of all the games that I have played and like to see played, including baseball, football, hockey, and tennis, no other, to my mind, has quite so many charms as golf—a clean and wholesome pastime, requiring the highest order of skill to be played successfully, and a game suitable alike for the young, the middle-aged, and the old.

The first “golf course” that I played over was laid out by my brother and Richard Kimball in the street in front of our home on Clyde Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, a street

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which forms the boundary of one side of The Country Club property. This golf course, as I call it, was provided by the town of Brookline, without the knowledge of the town's officials. In other words, my brother and Kimball simply played between two given points in the street. With the heels of their shoes they made holes in the dirt at the base of two lamp-posts about 120 yards apart, and that was their "course."

Nearly every afternoon they played, while I looked on enviously. Once in a while they let me take a club and try my hand, and then was I not delighted! It made no difference that the clubs were nearly as long as I was and too heavy for me to swing, or that the ball would only go a few yards, if it went at all. After all, as I look back, the older boys were only dealing me scanty justice when they occasionally allowed me to take a club, for when they lost a ball, I used to go searching for it, and, if successful, they always demanded its return. In the case of such a demand from two older boys, it is not always wise to refuse.

"Big brother" was responsible for getting me interested in golf; "big brother" likewise was in great measure responsible for keeping me in-

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terested. On my seventh birthday, he made me a birthday present of a club—a short brassie. Here was joy indeed! Not only had I now a club all my own with which to practise, but I already had amassed a private stock of seven or eight golf balls. The way this came about was that the journey from my house to school (this school, by the way, had only eight pupils in it, and the school-house was built in Revolutionary days) took me past the present sixth hole of The Country Club course, and I generally managed to get a little spare time to look for lost golf balls.

Some boys do not like to get up early in the morning. Any boy or girl who becomes as interested in golf as I was at the age of seven, will have no difficulty on that score. It was my custom to go to bed at eight o'clock, and then get up by six o'clock the next morning, and go out for some golf play before time to get ready for school. The one hole in the street where my brother and Richard Kimball first played had now been superseded by a more exacting golfing layout in a bit of pasture-land in back of our house.

Here the older boys had established a hole of

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about 130 yards that was a real test for them, and, at first, a little too much for me. On the left, going one way, the ground was soft and marshy, an easy place to lose a ball. If the ball went on a straight line from the tee, it generally went into a gravel pit, which had an arm extending out to the right. There also was a brook about a hundred yards from the tee, when the play was in this same direction. Here then, was a hole requiring accuracy; and I cannot but think that a measure of what accuracy my game now possesses had its foundation back in those days when I was so young and just taking up the game. I believe, moreover, that any boy or girl who becomes interested in golf should not pick out the easy places to play at the start, simply because they like the fun of seeing the ball go farther.

What bothered me most, in those days, was the fact that I could not drive over that brook going one way. The best I could do was to play short of the brook, and then try to get the second on the improvised green. Every now and then, I became bold enough to have another try to carry the brook, though each time it was with the knowledge that failure possibly meant

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the loss of the ball in the brook, in a time when one ball represented a small fortune. At last came the memorable morning when I did manage to hit one over the brook.

If ever in my life a golf shot gave me satisfaction, it was that one. It did more—it created ambition. I can remember thinking that if I could get over the brook once, I could do it again. And I did do it again—got so I could do it quite a fair proportion of my tries. Then the shot over the brook, coming back, began to seem too easy, for the carry one way was considerably longer than the other. Consequently I decided that for the return I would tee up on a small mound twenty-five to thirty yards in back of the spot from which we usually played, making a much harder shot. Success brought increased confidence, and confidence brought desired results, so that, in course of time, it did not seem so difficult to carry the brook playing either way.

This was done with the old, hard ball, then generally known as the “guttie,” made from gutta-percha. About this time I picked up, one morning, a ball which bounced in a much more lively fashion than the kind I had found pre-

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viously. Now, of course, I know that it was one of the early makes of rubber-cored balls, but, at that time, I simply knew that it would go much farther than the others, and that, above all things, I must not lose it. That ball was my greatest treasure. Day after day I played with it, until all the paint was worn off, and it was only after long searching that I managed always to find it after a drive.

Realizing that something must be done to retain the ball, I decided to repaint it, and did so with white lead. Next, I did something that was almost a calamity in my young life. To dry the white lead, I put the ball in a hot oven and left it there for about an hour. I went back thinking to find a nice new ball, and found—what do you suppose? Nothing but a soft mass of gutta-percha and elastic. The whole thing simply had melted. The loss of a brand-new sled or a new pair of skates could not have made me grieve more, and I vowed that in future, no matter how dirty a ball became, I never would put another in a hot oven to dry after repainting.

All this time I had been playing with the brassie that Brother gave me, and all my

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energies were devoted to trying to see how far I could hit the ball. My next educational step in play came when Wilfred made me a present of a mashie, whereupon I realized that there are other points to the game than merely getting distance. Previous practice with the brassie had taught me how to hit the ball with fair accuracy, so that learning something about mashie play came naturally. Being now possessed of two clubs, my ambitions likewise grew proportionately. The cow-pasture in back of our house was all right enough, as far as it went, but why be so limited in my surroundings? There was the beautiful course of The Country Club across the street, with lots of room and smoother ground; nothing would do but that I should play at The Country Club. I began going over there mornings to play, but soon discovered that the grounds-keeper and I did not hold exactly the same views concerning my right to play there. Whatever argument there was in the matter was all in favor of the grounds-keeper. Of course I know now that he only did his duty when he chased me off the course.

While my brother's interest in golf began to

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wane, because football and baseball became greater hobbies with him, other boys in our neighborhood began to evince an interest in it, until it became a regular thing for three or four of us to play in the cow-pasture after school hours and most of the day Saturday. We even had our matches, six holes in length, by playing back and forth over the one 130-yard hole three times, each using the same clubs. We even got to the point where we thought it would add excitement by playing for balls, and one day I found myself the richer by ten balls. But let me add that it is a bad practice for boys. There is too much hard feeling engendered.

As we became more proficient in play, we began to look over the ground with an eye to greater distance and more variety, until finally we lengthened out the original hole to what was a good drive and pitch for us, about 230 yards; likewise we created a new hole of about ninety yards, to play with the mashie. From the new green, back to the starting-point, under an old chestnut-tree, was about 200 yards, which gave us a triangle course of three holes. In this way we not only began gradually to increase

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the length of our game, but also to get in a greater variety of shots.

As I look back now, I become more and more convinced that the manner in which I first took up the game was to my subsequent advantage. With the old brassie I learned the elementary lesson of swinging a club and hitting the ball squarely, so as to get all the distance possible for one of my age and physical make-up. Then, with the mashie, I learned how to hit the ball into the air, and how to drop it at a given point. I really think I could not have taken up the clubs in more satisfactory order. Even to this day, I have a feeling of confidence that I shall be sure to hit the ball cleanly when using a brassie, which feeling probably is a legacy from those old days.

And a word of caution right here to the boy or girl, man or woman, taking up the game: do not attempt at the start to try to hit the ball as far as you have seen some experienced player send it. Distance does not come all at once, and accuracy is the first thing to be acquired.

The first time that I had the pleasure of walking over a golf course without the feeling that, at any moment, I would have to take to my

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heels to escape an irate greens-keeper was when I was about eleven years old. I was on The Country Club links, looking for lost golf balls, when a member who had no caddy came along and asked me if I would carry his clubs. Nothing could have suited me better. As this member was coming to the first tee, I happened to be swinging a club, and he was kind enough to hand me a ball, at the same time asking me to tee up and hit it.

That was one occasion in my golfing career when I really felt nervous, though by this time I had come to the point where I felt reasonably confident of hitting the ball. But to stand up there and do it with an elderly person looking on was a different matter. It is a feeling which almost any golfer will have the first time he tries to hit a ball before some person or persons with whom he has not been in contact previously. I can remember doubting that I should hit the ball at all, hence my agreeable surprise in getting away what, for me, was a good ball.

Evidently the gentleman, who was not an especially good player himself, was satisfied with the shot, for he was kind enough to invite me to play with him, instead of merely carrying

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his clubs. He let me play with his clubs, too. That was the beginning of my caddying career. Some of the other members for whom I carried clubs occasionally made me a present of some clubs, so that it was not long before my equipment contained not only the original brassie and mashie, but also a cleek, mid-iron, and putter.

Needless to say, they were not all exactly suited to my size and style of play; yet to me each one of them was precious. I took great pride in polishing them up after every usage. The second time I played with the gentleman who first employed me as caddy, I had my own clubs. I had the pleasure of playing with him two years later, after he came home from abroad, in which round I made an 84, despite a 9 at one hole.

All this time, my enthusiasm for the game increased, rather than diminished, so that, during the summer I was on the links every moment that I could be there until school opened in September; after which I caddied or played afternoons and Saturdays until the close of the playing season.

Somewhere along about that time I had a

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most trying experience. My brother Wilfred, who, being older, had become better posted on the technical side of the game, advised me to change my swing. I had been using what was more or less of a baseball stroke, a half-swing that seemed to be all right so far as accuracy went, but was not especially productive in the matter of distance. Wilfred's advice struck me as sensible—almost any golfer, young or old, thinks well of advice that bids fair to lengthen his game.

At any rate, I altered my swing, taking the club back much farther. For the succeeding two months I discovered that my game, instead of improving, gradually was getting worse. The old-time accuracy was missing. More than that, a good many golf balls, also soon became missing, for in playing on my old stamping-grounds—the pasture in back of the house—I seemed to have the unhappy faculty of getting them off the line into the swamp, where to find the ball was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Being quite disgusted, I tried to go back to my old style, only to find that that, too, was impossible. Here was, indeed, a dilemma! On

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thinking it over, there were only two conclusions to reach: one was that to become at all accurate in either the old style or the new, meant to make up my mind to use one of them permanently, and then simply to keep on practising in the hope that accuracy would come; the other was that even though the new style had impaired my old game, at the same time it was plain to be seen that, in the long run, it probably would be the better style of the two. Under the circumstances there was only one thing to do, and that was to continue with the longer swing.

Perhaps then I did not realize the full significance of the choice. I do now. Had I kept on with the old swing, the result would have been that I probably would have advanced to a certain proficiency so far as accuracy goes, but my game would have been stilted, and lacking in the variety of shots which not only betters the standard of play, but which gives all the more personal satisfaction to the player. It was possibly two months after I took Brother's advice that I began to notice a gradual improvement. I began to hit the ball with the same certainty as of old, and, to my delight, found that the ball traveled farther than I ever had

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been able to hit it before, and also with less expenditure of effort. At first the added distance was at the expense of direction, but it was not long before my control over the new swing became nearly as good as of old.

Back in those early days of my golfing career, I can remember an incident which taught me the lesson of always being honest with myself or with an opponent in the matter of scoring. The Country Club arranged for a caddy tournament,—I think it was the custom then to have these tournaments late in the fall, when they would not interfere with the members. At any rate, this particular tournament happened to come on a day when there was snow on the ground. The boys, however, were so keen for play that this little handicap did not bother them.

Some of them had less reason to be bothered than others. They were the ones who felt that it was much easier to leave out five or six holes in the course of the round and "guess" what they would have done at these holes. I can just remember that scores as low as 77 to 80 were handed in to the officials in charge, and that soon there was a wrangle over the cor-

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rectness of some of the figures returned. The upshot of it all was that, after considerable argumentation, it was decided that no prizes should be given at all.

It was a good lesson for all of the boys concerned, though a little hard on those who had tried to do what was right. The sooner a boy, or a man for that matter, learns to live up to the motto "Honesty is the best policy" in golf, as in other things, the better for him. There is no game which gives a competitor a better opportunity to cheat; but for that very reason there is no game in which the cheat, when discovered, as he usually is sooner or later, is looked upon with greater contempt.

CHAPTER II

ADVANTAGES OF GOLF AS A SPORT

GOLF is slowly, but surely, coming into its own as a great American sport. Yet less than ten years ago nearly everybody was inclined to look upon it as a game suitable only for those of ripe age. This opinion was formed because it lacked the strenuousness so noticeable in football, baseball, and tennis.

Quite evidently all this has changed. To-day thousands of boys and girls play the game. I take keen delight in this fact, all because I happened to be one of the first boys to adopt golf as his favorite game while attending school, instead of following the usual paths leading to diamond or gridiron. At the time I decided in favor of golf, it was no simple and easy choice to make. For one thing, I was subjected to a lot of pressure from my schoolmates to continue with the nine, and, for another, rather

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felt the censure they sometimes placed upon me for forsaking this sport for golf. Perhaps an incident that occurred during a recent trip to Pinehurst, where so much golf is played every winter, will best explain the position of golf among boys of to-day and among those of yesterday.

While playing there on this occasion, I had the good fortune to meet an old school-friend of mine. He had recently become an ardent golf enthusiast, one who rarely misses creating an opportunity for playing. We had both attended the Brookline High School at the time when he was the unquestioned leader in athletics. Incidentally, he was captain of our baseball nine.

I was particularly fond of baseball in those days, although I must confess I never could play it when a golf match was in sight. Nevertheless, I was persuaded to try for a place on our school nine, and, in the course of the practice, seemed to have a fine chance of making it at second base. About this time I was elected captain of our golf team. That put the question up to me of giving up one or the other of these games. I could not hold down the two

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positions without making a failure of each one. After thinking the matter over for a short time, I decided in favor of golf. Immediately I was sought out by both the coach and captain of the nine, who argued with me to change my opinion. One of their favorite points was, as I clearly recall it now, that golf was an old man's affair and that I was somewhat silly, to put it mildly, to forsake a corking good game like baseball for it. But their entreaties and arguments failed to make me retract my first decision. This caused me to be the butt of many uncomplimentary remarks for a long time thereafter.

Now the reason why I had chosen golf was that I felt, once my school-days were over, baseball would be a thing of the past, whereas with golf I could continue to play that game long after I had set aside my books for a business career. It seemed to me that the best time to fit myself for the game that I could play during most of my life would be during these school-days I was then enjoying; and I did want to play the game well. That is the only way to play any game or do anything in this world, for that matter. Good golf meant

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nothing to me but keen outdoor enjoyment in the years to come. And now that I look back to the time when I made this decision, I am more than satisfied that I "guessed right."

Nothing brought this point to my attention more clearly than meeting my old school-friend at Pinehurst—the one who had argued so strongly with me to forget all about golf because it was an old man's game and for this reason to stay out for the ball nine. He told me that he recalled the whole incident most clearly, and could now say with all frankness that I was right in having decided as I did. Furthermore, he was of the opinion that he had wasted golden opportunities to improve his golf game by not taking to golf, instead of to baseball, when we had been in school together.

Not long ago I talked with a Princeton graduate who was there in the days of Heyniger, their great baseball pitcher. He recounted for me a story quite similar to my own in connection with Heyniger. The latter, he said, liked golf better than any other game he had ever tried, but was unable to give much time to it while at college because he was virtually compelled by the pressure of the college to pitch on

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the nine. Heyniger did rank as a star boxman, but since his college days he has never risen to a very high rank in golf. Indeed, he may not be playing at all well. I am inclined to think this man misses a lot of enjoyment to-day because he did not follow his favorite game earlier in life and at the time when he could more readily have learned to master it. But our colleges are now beginning to see matters differently, if we read aright. They are coming to realize that it is a waste of time to instruct students along lines that are of no future value, whether the course be in athletics or in scholarship. One college that I know of in my home state is even teaching its students the art of golf-course construction. Rather a sign of progress, I should say.

Perhaps the outstanding proof that golf is at last being recognized as a sport worthy of the consideration of every boy of athletic inclination is that the list of young golfers is increasing by leaps and bounds all over America. Boys and girls are taking up the game with equal satisfaction and enjoyment. That they can boast of being equal to any competition is rather clearly proved by the

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careers of Bobby Jones and Miss Alexa Sterling of Atlanta, who are right at the top in amateur circles.

In 1919, when I went to the Oakmont Country Club at Pittsburgh to play in the amateur championship, I received one of the most pleasant surprises of my life. It had been my good fortune to attend seven of the last eight of these events, and I can say that, with an occasional exception, the favorites were always the stars of former years—all seasoned golfers and men. Thus, when I started for Pittsburgh, I thought that I would be one of the youngest players to enter, this in spite of the fact that I then boasted of being twenty-five years of age. But let me say I was destined to receive a great surprise, for, after looking over the field of prospective champions, I felt like a grizzled veteran. There seemed to be dozens of fine players entered not then twenty years of age.

That tournament, as you probably remember, was won by S. Davidson Herron, a youth of but twenty-two, and the runner-up was that star of stars, little Bobby Jones, of Atlanta, just seventeen years old at the time, while three

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of the four semi-finalists averaged twenty years.

All of which leads one to the conclusion that golf, rather than being an old man's pastime, is the game of youth. As I figure it out in my own case, I expect to play good golf for the next twenty-five seasons, but I can see no chance for any one over forty taking an American title.

A word or two about Bobby Jones, this youngest of golf stars, to illustrate how he has won such a high position in the golfing world. Perhaps you remember that in the amateur event at Merion, in 1916, he was finally defeated by Bob Gardner, of Chicago, who had several times held the title. Bobby Jones learned much of his game from Stewart Maiden, a splendid professional teacher. But with due credit to Maiden for his remarkable ability at imparting his own knowledge to others, I doubt if Jones would have been as successful had he not been a fine imitator. An imitator is usually a good player. In fact, there is scarcely an exception to this rule. I know that I picked up a lot of golf by this method, and I can remember the time when I

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could imitate the strokes and play of almost any golfer I saw play. And I have seen Walter Hagen, our wonderful professional, demonstrate in succession the golf swings of such stars as Barnes, Brady, Hutchinson, McNamara, and others with such exactness and to detail that, had you been far enough away to be unable to recognize him, you would instantly have thought that the man being imitated was playing a round on your course.

There are many ways of learning golf, but the most expedient is to get in touch with a professional who knows the game and can adapt you to it. Although practice does tend to make one perfect, there are certain aids to practice which will save you time in your quest of a knowledge of this game. The professional who knows the game can give you these schemes, while quickly checking any tendencies on your part to develop bad habits, otherwise not easily eliminated, once they are allowed to go on. But under no conditions forget to watch the swings and styles of good golfers. One can get a ready, first-hand knowledge of all that goes to make up a good game by doing just that. You catch the ideas of golf and see

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the reasons for them by following this method, and you certainly can learn how the strokes should be played.

I, for one, would not advise a boy or girl to play golf if he or she does not like the game. One cannot enjoy a sport he does not like, nor ever become proficient in it. It takes an unbounded enthusiasm in whatever you attempt to make a success of it. Good golfers love golf. They are enthusiastic over it. My own thought is that one of the main reasons for this strong love for the game is that it takes one outdoors during the three seasons—spring, summer and autumn—when nature is most beautiful. True, one could walk about the woods and gentle slopes and get much pleasure and recreation from it. But golf gives one both a reason and a cause for being abroad in the sunlight that no other sport quite supplies. Unconsciously, you drink deep of health and happiness because the quest of the game keeps you keenly at play, rarely tiring. This is because your mind is occupied.

Boys who have been trout-fishing know what I mean. Far from camp and tired, one frequently wonders if he will ever get back. Then

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the trout begin to strike, and before you know it, you are again at the camp-fire, having never once thought of the long walk down stream as the fish were taking the fly. That is the kind of exercise doctors tell us is most beneficial. Indeed, golf is a game unlike any other sport.

Golf itself affords more pleasure to its followers than any other. Next to it, I think tennis will take rank, because it may also be played for so many years. Yet tennis, great game that it is, must yield to golf in the matter of age. Golf, enjoyable golf, is yours for a lifetime if you so wish. Children may play it, and many is the golfer of skill I know to-day who has passed the seventy mark in the span of life. What other game offers you such constant companionship?

Boys and girls too frequently make the mistake of thinking that they can never rank high as golf players. I believe this is untrue, all because the reverse has been proved quite frequently. If they have enthusiasm for the game and will give the time to practice when they are young, good play becomes almost automatic. Perhaps one cannot rise to champion-

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ship ranks, but that is certainly not the real test of the game, else but few of the millions who play it each year would get any fun out of it.

To my way of thinking, the lure of golf rests in your ability to play a fair game, one that averages well with that of your friends. Once you reach that state, you have arrived in golf at that delightful period when each round holds for you a keen enjoyment whether you be sixteen or sixty. That, I take it, is the real test of any sport.

CHAPTER III

GOLF SUCCESS AND YOUTH INSEPARABLE

A FEW years ago it would have been a most difficult matter to have induced a youngster to cast aside his baseball glove and bat for a mid-iron and golf ball. And you could not blame the boy. Unquestionably, his greatest pleasure was to be had in the game of "scrub" that he played with his schoolmates. Even to-day it takes a great deal of persuasion on the part of a father to get his young son interested in golf; that is, unless he happens to live on the border of some golf-links and, in addition, there is no neighboring baseball diamond or football gridiron. Just the same, I think the youngster—or the father, for that matter—makes a mistake in not taking up golf.

In my boyhood days I was less fortunate than the average youngster of to-day, because our baseball games were invariably played upon a much traveled highway where passing

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teams and machines interrupted us far too frequently. There was no field adjacent to our homes which we could convert into a playground. It was the road—or golf. When an automobile did not put a stop to our play, we were vexed in other ways. Balls were easily lost, or the policeman of that neighborhood curbed our ambitions to become the present-day Ruths and Cobbs. There was the country club, where golf was played, and we *did* attempt to convert this fine course into a diamond, but only to find that our ambitions again ran counter to the power which held sway. We soon came to the conclusion that this property was for golf, and so we used it for that purpose.

How well I recall our ball games on the street. The picked-up nine which was at bat had other duties to perform than the all-important one of pounding in runs. It was up to this "side" to post one of its players at the turn, down the road, where he might easily note the movements of the policeman. As soon as this officer started our way, we would clear out at a signal, previously agreed upon, from our watchman. As a result of constant vigilance,

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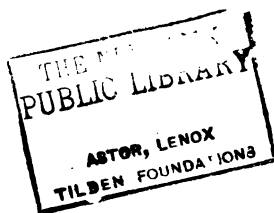
we became so familiar with the habits of this representative of the law that I really think we knew in advance, even better than he did, where he would be at given periods during the day. There were many reasons why this was important information for us, since the ball game could only be completed if we selected the proper hour for starting. And we had much the same difficulty with golf. There were times when we could escape the watchful eyes of the grounds-keeper, but this did not enable us to use the links unless we also evaded the policeman.

All this seems to have little to do with the subject of youngsters playing the game of golf; yet I think it has. First of all, golf demands the proper setting. As boys, we had no playground other than the highway and the golf-course, although we did eventually improvise a three-hole affair in a cow-pasture, secure in the knowledge that play here was not to be interrupted. That and early hours on the links,—usually *very* early ones,—when the grass was still wet with dew, gave us our first experiences with golf. We found it as attractive, and as fine a test of skill and strength



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BOBBY JONES



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as the other sports which were more generally followed in those days. And some few of us came along fairly well as players. Indeed, I am convinced that environment had everything to do with us, just as I am sure that some youngsters from my neighborhood who are showing up well at golf owe their present success to the fact they live where they do.

There is proof of the importance of environment in other and far-off parts of this country; for instance, the outstanding example of Bobby Jones, of Atlanta, who, at nineteen years of age was well up in the U. S. Open Championship at Toledo in 1920. He won his first championship when he was only thirteen years old, thereby knocking into a cocked-hat the saying that golf is a game for older people. In 1916, he not only qualified in the U. S. Amateur championship, but won two of his matches before going down before Gardner, a former champion, in a brilliant battle. Jones was then only fourteen years old, and one of his victims was a former amateur title-holder, Eben Byers. For a boy playing in his first big tournament, this was a never-to-be-forgotten exhibition of skill and nerve.

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Now nothing in the world but nearness to a golf-course made such a remarkable performance possible. Of course, Bobby Jones is the unusual boy, one in a thousand, but there is no denying that other young chaps would do almost as well. Another factor that helped him was the aid of a very good professional, Stewart Maiden, who took delight in steering him along the proper path when he noted the boy's keenness for golf. Jones was always going to the club to practise or play. The game caught his fancy, just as baseball caught the fancy of some of us and most of our "dads" when they were boys. It was helped along, too, by rivalry, for he found another youngster who was equally keen for the game. There is no gainsaying the fact that the presence of his friend Perry Adair meant much to his golf. That kept up his enthusiasm and insured him a great golf future.

While on the subject of Bobby Jones, it might be well to correct a false impression about him. Much has been written about his lacking the ideal golfing temperament. At the Oakmont Country Club, in the summer of 1919, he played S. Davidson Herron for the

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amateur championship of the country, and because he lost, it was said he had a temper. While there, I had the good fortune to be able to study him closely and also to play with him. I availed myself of this chance to judge for myself, because these stories about him had already been printed. I found Bobby Jones one of the best players and most ideal sportsmen I ever met. It makes me hot all over to read such statements about him. Let me tell you right now that his temper needs no curbing, as one report hinted. Watch him play a few important matches, as I have, and you will agree with me that his sole uneasiness comes at a time when he is leading. One thing more about this youthful marvel: his game is without a flaw! Most boys of his age are apt to let their free playing muscles enter too prominently into their game. Their fault is that they play their various clubs alike. But Jones is a veteran in this respect.

That gets us down to the technical side of golf, so I might as well explain what I mean, by citing an example from a recent match I played with a youngster. We were having quite a struggle and in due course came to the

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fourteenth hole. From tee to green, the measurement was 140 yards, though this distance was really equivalent to a hole of about 115 yards because of the elevated tee. It is an easy mashie shot. A forced mashie-niblick will sometimes carry one home. Now the tendency of a youngster is to force his iron shots, and it is one that he must overcome early in his career. The first essential in iron play is to keep the ball on the line. There is no better way of doing this than to learn what you can comfortably accomplish with each club. On this occasion, I came to the fourteenth tee with the scant lead of one up. I could ill afford to offset this advantage by a mistake on my part. Consequently, I selected a mashie which was good for 160 yards, had I chosen to play to my limit. My first object, therefore, was to make sure that the ball carried in the general direction of the hole. Next, I had to make sure of my judgment of the distance. I figured it a three-quarters shot, a shot wherein the club is taken back about that fraction of the distance you bring it back for driving. My ball landed nicely about fifteen feet from the pin.

To my surprise, my opponent selected a

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mashie-niblick, and, with a full swing, sent his ball curving off to the left and many yards beyond the green. He was somewhat in a daze over the result, and, when he saw the club I had used, was greatly surprised to think that his ball, played with a much less powerful club, had gone far beyond mine. I won that hole easily, and, with it, the match. My young friend left the course with a fine, but costly, lesson to his credit.

I learned many like it, myself, before I finally came to the conclusion that it was much easier, and certainly more satisfactory, to choose a club that would carry well beyond the distance needed, than to take one from the bag with which I had to strain in order to make the carry. There was a concrete example of this very thing in the Open Championship at Toledo, in 1920. There were many young professionals in this event who drove almost as far as the powerful Briton, Ted Ray, the winner. This was a wonderful feat. But in playing the next shot, it was quite noticeable, so I am told, that Ray used a mid-iron, whereas these other contestants relied on their mashies. Ray simply knew he could get on with the

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longer club without forcing the shot. The others, straining to the utmost to reach home, were frequently finding trouble.

Reference to the Open Championship at Toledo calls to mind the fact that none I can recall, better served as a stimulant to young golfers. There was young Bobby Jones, already spoken of, playing in his first Open, but performing in splendid style. That he succeeded in placing himself among the first ten in the classic of American golf is certainly encouraging to young players. And there was Harry Vardon of England, the greatest player of all time. Vardon won his first title in 1896, six years before young Jones was born. Although fifty years of age and leading the field in this big event after fifty-four of the seventy-two holes had been played, there was nothing about his game which showed his years. At the finish he was one stroke behind the winner. His game held out till the last stroke had been played; and except for the severe physical strain he went through, he might have won. Think of it, boys, here was a lad of eighteen and a man of fifty each playing great golf in our most important event! And you can put

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it down as a fact that one thing only kept Vardon in the fight right up to the finish—it was nothing else than that he began playing early in life. Vardon began playing when quite young, otherwise his game would have failed him during that critical and long test of skill. And you can rest assured that Bobby Jones will be another like him. At fifty, he will be playing as well as he does to-day and having just as much fun.

Let me ask you if there is another game you know of that will give you the same amount of fun, competition, sport, and health all through life as does golf? I think you will agree with me there is no other. Age bars football by the time you graduate from college. Baseball stars have been known to reach almost forty before being discarded. Occasionally, a tennis champion may have thirty or more summers to his credit, but there is no other sport that does not yield the odds to youth, and its full flush of strength, except golf. Here is Vardon at fifty playing well beyond most of our champions; and just a few years back, Walter Travis, almost ten years older than Vardon is

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to-day, was playing golf on even terms with all of us.

I am inclined to believe older and wiser men, those who have to do with our educational problems, will take note of the value of golf in making plans for the curriculum of the lower grades at school. It would be a splendid move were instructors appointed to give the youngsters lessons in the fundamentals of the game once or twice a week. In my own days at school I recall one period that came two or three times a week, and, although it was compulsory, it was by far the most popular hour of those days when it came. This was known as the physical-training period. The idea was to give the pupils a little exercise as well as a change from the monotony of study. Would not golf fill the bill even better? To be sure, there would be many schools where links would be out of the question, but here the students could easily be given "a course of sprouts" in swinging a club and in bending the body in the same way one would do in executing a shot. Pivoting from the hips, which in golf is highly important, would be a fine exercise in itself. This may appear somewhat

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silly at first glance, but when one is constantly on the links one is duly impressed with the need of just such a thing.

There is one school I know, for boys of twelve and under, where they do play a great deal of golf after school-hours. It is an interesting and pleasing sight of an afternoon to witness these little chaps playing with their small clubs. They may not follow the game as keenly as other boys may do with baseball and football, but they will soon reach that age in life when they will acknowledge a debt of gratitude to their masters of to-day, because they will not be hopelessly outclassed in playing about the only game possible to them, once they become breadwinners.

At the Woodland Golf Club, recently, I watched Charley Burgess, the club's professional, teaching a girl of about seven years old. It did my heart good to see her free, easy, and graceful swing. It will not be long before she will be the envy of her elders. A youngster has only to be started in the proper manner to become most proficient at golf. Their natural aptitude at imitation will soon mold them into players of promise. If they

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delay until they reach manhood and womanhood, there is never any certainty that even a good steady game will result. To show that this is so, it is only necessary to point out that, in American golf history, only one player has risen to national prominence who took up the game when a full-grown man. This was Walter J. Travis. But Mr. Travis was able to rise to the top only because he devoted his entire attention to golf. Failing health, I believe, forced him into the open air and sunshine. His reward was that he was able to play on even terms with almost any star in the world up to the time of his retirement in 1917.

These are the reasons why I would urge boys and girls to give attention to golf. Not that I would have the former entirely cast aside their bats, gloves, and footballs, for that would be asking too much. These represent strenuous games any boy loves to play and to excel in, and they do him much good. At the same time, he would be penny-wise and pound-foolish, once he thinks of his future, to give all his spare time to baseball, football, and hockey, if it is at all possible to play and practise golf.

That our football stars feel this way about

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it was brought to my attention recently during a practice golf match between Ed Garbisch, once captain and guard of the Washington and Jefferson football eleven, and his first college coach, Sol Metzger. Both are excellent athletes and fine fellows but they did not take up golf until recently. At the end of the round they were bemoaning their poor luck. "I like this game better than any I ever played, and would do almost anything to be able to play it well," said Garbisch. "So would I," remarked Metzger, "but I reckon we started in a bit late to make good."

Now these two men have played about every game under the sun and played them fairly well. Yet each acknowledges that he made a great mistake in not having taken up golf when in school. It is the one game they can play in the future. And the future, upon leaving college, is many times as long a part of one's life as are one's school-days. The time is coming when you boys and girls who read these lines will feel the same way about it; that is, unless you learn the game now when you are young and well able to master most of its fundamentals.

CHAPTER IV

COMPETITION AND TOURNAMENT PLAY

A SURPRISING number of golfers who have won high honors on the links, first came into prominence during their school-boy days, and had their early experiences in golfing competition while participating in interscholastic tournaments or championships. I think I am correct in classing among such the former national amateur champion, Jerome D. Travers; the runner-up for the 1913 championship, John G. Anderson; a former national titleholder, Eben M. Byers; Frederick Herreshoff, runner-up to H. H. Hilton for the national title in 1911; Charles E. Evans, Jr., the national amateur champion for 1921, not to mention many others. For myself, I can look back upon my golfing days while a pupil in the high school at Brookline, Massachusetts, not only with a feeling of pleasure then derived from the game, but also with the conviction

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that a great many points which I learned then have since stood me in good stead.

It was as a school-boy golfer that I first had that feeling of satisfaction which comes in winning a tournament, and it was as a school-boy golfer that I learned a few things which perhaps may be useful to some boys who are pupils in school now and who are interested in golf. It was in 1908, that I took part for the first time in an interscholastic tournament, at the Wollaston Golf Club, and I may as well say, right here, that I did not win the title; the fact is that I barely qualified, my 85 being only one stroke better than the worst score in the championship qualifying division. The best score was 74, which I must say was extraordinarily good for such a course as that on which the event was played. It is a fine score there to-day for any golfer, even in the ranks of the men. In my first round of match play, fortune favored me, only to make me the victim of its caprices in the second round, when I was defeated 2 up and 1 to play by the eventual winner of the championship title, Carl Anderson. It was inability to run down putts of about three feet in length which cost me that match,

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and, to my sorrow, I have passed through that same experience more than once since leaving school. But what I recollect distinctly about that match, aside from my troubles on the putting-greens, was that I felt nervous from the start, for it was my first "big" match. I mention this because it has its own little lesson, which is that the chances of winning are less when the thought of winning is so much on the mind as to affect the nerves.

In 1909 I won the championship of the Greater Boston Interscholastic Golf Association, the tournament being played at the Commonwealth Country Club, Newton, Massachusetts. Only one match was at all close, that one going to the sixteenth green. The final, at thirty-six holes, I won by 10 up and 9 to play. In that tournament I learned a lesson invaluable, which was to avoid trying to play every shot equally well with my opponent. In other words, there were boys in that tournament who were vastly my superiors in long hitting. Frequently they were reaching the green in two shots where I required three, or else they were getting there with a drive and a mashie shot where I required two long shots. But,

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fortunately, I was of a temperament at that time which enabled me to go along my own way, never trying to hit the ball beyond my natural strength in order to go as far as my opponent, and making up for lack of distance by accuracy of direction and better putting. My advice to any boy is to play his own game, irrespective of what his opponent does. This does not mean, of course, that a boy should lose his ambition to improve his game, or that he should be content with moderate distance when he might be able to do better. But the time for striving to do better is not when ambition is aroused merely through the desire to win some one match or to outhit some opponent. The average boy or man who strives in some one match to hit the ball harder than he does normally, generally finds that, instead of getting greater distance, he is only spoiling his natural game. Then, the harder he tries, the worse he gets. Greater distance on the drive, as well as accuracy in all departments of the game, comes through practice and natural development, rather than through the extra efforts of some one round.

In that tournament at the Commonwealth

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Country Club, which gave me the first championship title which I ever held in golf, there were a number of players who subsequently have achieved successes in athletic lines, several of them having become prominent for their skill in golf. Among these was Heinrich Schmidt, of Worcester, Massachusetts, who in the spring of 1913, made such a great showing in the British amateur championship. Even at that time, "Heinie," as we called him, was a more than ordinarily good golfer, and he was looked upon as one of the possible winners of the championship. It was one of his Worcester team-mates, Arthur Knight, who put him out of the running, in a match that went two extra holes. "Heinie's" twin brother, Karl, who looked so much like him that it was difficult to tell the two apart, also was in the tournament, and among others were the late Dana Wingate, afterwards captain of the Harvard varsity baseball nine; Forrester Ainsworth, half-back on the Yale football eleven in 1913, and Fletcher Gill, who later played on the Williams College golf team.

The following year, 1910, I was honored with election to the presidency of the Greater

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Boston Interscholastic Golf Association, which did not, however, help me to retain the championship title, for that year the winner was Arthur Knight, of Worcester.

This interesting tournament was played on the links of the Woodland Golf Club at Auburndale, Massachusetts, and in the qualifying round I was medalist, with a score of 77. Singularly enough, I had that same score in winning my match of the first round, and also had a 77 in the second round; but on that occasion it was not good enough to win; for Francis Mahan, one of my team-mates from Brookline High School, was around with a brilliant 73, whereby he won by 3 up and 2 to play. It was beautiful golf for a boy (for a man, either, as far as that goes), and the loss of the title, under such circumstances, left nothing for me to regret. It always has struck me that for any one who truly loves the game of golf, there is even a pleasure in being defeated when you have played first-class golf yourself, and have been beaten only because your opponent has played even better. It certainly was so in that case, and I was sorry that Mahan could not keep up the gait in his other

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matches. He was beaten by the eventual winner of the tournament, Arthur Knight, in the semi-final round, Knight winning the thirty-six-hole final by 2 up and 1 to play from R. W. Gleason, later a member of the Williams College team.

From my own experiences in school-boy golf, I should be an enthusiastic supporter of any movement tending to make the game a greater factor in the athletic life of school-boys, or, for that matter, in the colleges. I do think, however, that it should come under more direct supervision of older heads, and that boys should be taught not only how to play the game, but that they should have impressed upon them the fact that it is a game that demands absolute honesty.

I have known instances where, in school-boy tournaments, scores have been returned which were surprisingly low, and there have been occasions when such scores, appearing in print, have brought a tinge of suspicion upon the boys returning them. Such instances would be rare if proper methods were taken to explain to the boys that golf is a game which puts them strictly on their honor. They should be taught

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to realize that winning is not everything in the game; that a prize won through trickery, either in turning in a wrong score or moving the ball to give it a more desirable position, gives no lasting pleasure. Any boy winning a prize by such methods would in later life want to have it out of sight. Every time he looked at it, he would have a feeling of contempt for himself for having adopted dishonest methods. Under proper supervision, golf can be made a great agency in the schools for the development of character; a game which will teach the boy to be honest with himself and with others.

As president of the Greater Boston Inter-scholastic Golf Association for one year, I naturally had an opportunity to get a thorough insight into the manner of conducting a school-boy tournament, and I have one or two ideas which may be worth setting forth. One is that, in the qualifying round of a school-boy tournament, every effort should be made to pair boys from different schools, instead of having the pairings hap-hazard or allowing the boys to pair up according to their own desires. One of the greatest advantages of a school-boy tournament, aside from its develop-

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ment of a boy's competitive skill, is that it brings boys from different schools and districts into closer relationship; new individual friendships are formed, and a possible spirit of antagonism gives way to a wholesome rivalry. Golf being a game where there is no direct physical contact between the two boys, provides a happy medium for the intermingling of many boys of all ages and sizes, to form new acquaintances, expand old ones, exchange ideas, and engage in a game which has much more vigor to it than the average school-boy realizes.

Probably more than one first-class golfer has been lost to the world of golf through a defeat administered to some promising player in a school-boy tournament. It is a singular fact (perhaps doubly so to one who has been so enthusiastic over the game from childhood as I have been) that many boys become apathetic over the game after losing a match which they hoped, perhaps expected, to win; whereas if their team lost in baseball or football, they would be just as eager to go in to win the next game on the schedule. But in golf, the individual alone bears the brunt of his defeat; he

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cannot deceive himself into the idea that it was his neighbor, rather than himself, who was responsible for losing. He should bear in mind that in golf no one is immune from defeat, and that when an opponent is winning a match, it is far better to study the methods by which he is gaining the mastery than to bemoan the fickleness of fate.

In the second place, the boy who is downhearted has little chance to regain lost ground, whereas by plodding along and doing his best, there is no knowing what may happen to turn the tide. To illustrate this point, with the hope that the reader will not think I am trying to exploit my own success, I shall not soon forget a match which I had as a school-boy against John G. Anderson, a master in the Fessenden School at West Newton, Massachusetts, and runner-up for the national championship in 1913 and 1915.

This match was an occasion when the Brookline High School team played a team representing Fessenden School. The boys of Brookline were older and larger than those of Fessenden, so Mr. Anderson was allowed to play for the latter in order to help equalize matters.

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It fell to my lot to oppose him. Of course I had not the slightest expectation of winning, but resolved to do the best I could, at any rate, and make the margin of my defeat as small as possible. With such a state of mind, my play was better than I could have dreamed possible. Twice during the round I holed chip shots from off the green, and, almost to my own consternation, as I recall it, I defeated Mr. Anderson, putting in two rounds of 36 over the nine-hole Albemarle course. I hope Mr. Anderson will forgive my telling this, if he happens to see the account; my reason being to assure every boy that in golf there is always a chance to win, no matter how stiff the odds may seem in advance.

Sometimes I think that there is no better mental attitude, going into a match, than the one I had when I played that match with Mr. Anderson. It has seemed to me that the average school-boy golfer is a bit prone to getting himself worked into a state of high nervous tension thinking about his match to come and wondering what his chances are of winning. He begins to worry over the outcome hours before the match, and perhaps has a more or

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less sleepless night from the knowledge that in to-morrow's match he faces one of the favorites for the school-boy title. Consequently, he neither has his full mental nor physical equipment with him when it comes to the actual playing of the match, and the least bit of hard luck is apt to throw him off his stride.

Now every school-boy golfer should bear in mind that one match does not constitute a golfing career. It is not possible for two to win in the same match, and the other boy's hopes of winning are just as strong as yours. Even if he wins to-day's match, there are many to-morrows coming, when it may be your turn to come out on top. Then there also is this to be borne in mind: the boy who defeats you in one match may be your opponent in a subsequent tournament, and, in the second instance, the result is reversed. Therein is double satisfaction, for if he is playing as well as he did in the first instance, you must be playing considerably better, and there is pleasure, also encouragement, in that thought.

A boy should learn, as one of his first lessons in golf, that it does not pay to get "mad," to use that common expression. Bunkers are put

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on a golf course not to provoke any player's wrath, but to compel him to play a scientific game. If the player gets into one of these bunkers, it is not the bunker's fault, but his own. If he could only teach himself to take that point of view, he might almost bring himself around to the point where, instead of uttering some angry word over the situation, he would beg the bunker's pardon for having disturbed it. That, perhaps, may be using a millennium viewpoint, but, after all, is n't that the proper view to take of the matter?

Nothing is gained by getting angered over the outcome of any particular shot. During my school-boy days, I remember playing a match once with a boy who might have become a good player only for his temper. He could not, apparently, bring himself to see that the more worked up he became over his bad shots, the less chance he had of making a good one. We were playing a match on a Boston course, and at the fourth hole he topped a shot into long grass, then played a poor second, and immediately walked over to a tree, where he smashed the club with which he had played the second shot. At the next hole, he sliced

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into some woods, failed to get out on his second, and deliberately smashed another good iron. Before he had played the home hole, he had thrown away his putter.

How much chance had a player with that disposition to improve his game? Furthermore, no boy should enter a match without realizing that his feelings are not the only ones to be considered. He has an opponent, and even though the other is an opponent, in a competitive sense, at the same time each is supposed to be playing the game for the enjoyment there is in it, and when one player gets provoked to a point where his temper altogether gets the better of him, there is not much chance for the other to gain any pleasure out of a round.

The school-boy age is the most advantageous period for acquiring a good style of play. The muscles are pliant, the swing is free, and the average boy is apt to have a good, natural swing even without any instructions. For all that, he should, if possible, seek a little advice from those older and better experienced in the game, in order not to get some bad fault in his

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swing which, as he grows older, will prove adverse to his game.

Perhaps the idea may not be practicable, but I cannot see why it would not be possible to have a little elementary instruction for the pupils in the city high schools on the proper method of swinging the club. Why would it not be possible for a city to hire a golf professional to demonstrate, in school gymnasiums, the proper method of swinging the club?

Faithful effort and earnest endeavor to improve one's game as a school-boy are apt not only to lead to success in the school-boy competitive ranks, but they pave the way to later successes on the links in a more general way. Moreover, beyond the high school there is the college, and intercollegiate golf has quite a niche of its own, beckoning the school-boy to enter its circle. Nearly every school-boy who is at all athletically inclined and who has ambition to go to college would like to shine there in some branch of sports. He may not be physically endowed for football; he may lack the requisite qualities to make the baseball team, the track team, or the rowing squad. At the same time, he might be a leader in golf.

CHAPTER V

WATCHING THE PLAY OF MASTER GOLFERS

MANY a school-boy in scoffing at golf as a namby-pamby game, not to be mentioned in the same breath with football, track-athletics, baseball, and other sports of their ilk, does not stop to think of the more lasting benefits which he might derive from the game he derides. Of its joys he knows nothing, never having experienced them; he looks upon golf with a vague sort of feeling that some day, when he is getting along in years, he may take up the game to be "in the fashion." Meantime, something more vigorous for him in the athletic line!

Fortunately for themselves, as I look at the matter, there are a great many boys who form an unalterable attachment for golf, and whose identification with the game as school-boys is only the forerunner of years of pleasure on the

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links. To continue their play after school-days, naturally they either have to join a club or to have their rounds on a public course. Regarding the latter, there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that public courses have played an important part in the development of the game in America, both among the young and the older players. Scores of boys who have enjoyed golf while in school have not been in a position, financially, to join a golf or country club immediately after their school-days are over, yet have continued their play by making use of such links as the Franklin Park course in Boston, Van Cortlandt Park in New York, and Jackson Park in Chicago.

The average school-boy golfer becomes ambitious to join a golf or country club from the time that he takes part in an interscholastic tournament. He sees the members come in, go to their regularly assigned locker, sit down to a luncheon for which they merely sign a slip of paper, and do other things with an air of proprietorship that has a certain fascination. The school-boy golfer, too, would be a member and enjoy all these privileges. He would like to rub elbows with men of promi-

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nence in the community,—for in the golf and country clubs are to be found “big men,” men of influence in the city, the state, or the country at large.

Any youth who joins a golf or country club and who lays too much stress upon the privilege of merely signing checks for luncheons and such things, is apt to get a bit of a shock when those checks, like chickens, “come home to roost.” They all have to be paid, sooner or later, so, if he is a golfer in moderate financial circumstances, he had better not be overgenerous with either himself or his friends in the early stages of his club life. This may sound a little like preaching, yet it is a fact that club life sometimes has an unfortunate influence upon a young man, especially if he gets started in the wrong way.

On the other hand, for the young golfer who is willing to hold a modest place in the club, there are a host of advantages. There is no denying that in golf he does have the opportunity to mingle with the finest class of people, intellectually and socially, and if he is properly observing and discreetly curious, he can learn a great deal in several directions, and in par-

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ticular many things which will improve his game of golf.

Doubtless it is true that one reason why the general standard of play in this country is not higher is that devotees of the game are so keen for playing themselves that they are not willing to put in a little more time in following and observing the methods of the better golfers. We know that on the other side of the Atlantic it is nothing unusual for even such great professionals as Vardon, Ray, Braid, and Taylor to spend some of their time watching each other play. George Duncan, perhaps the most brilliant golfer in the world to-day, says unrestrictedly that his game is a composite of the styles of such players as those named above. Therein is his own confession that what he is as a golfer is largely the result of watching the play of the masters.

I can advance no stronger argument for driving home the idea that it pays to study the strokes of good players as well as to practise to perfect our own. And I think I am absolutely correct in saying that any young golfer who is ambitious to learn will always find good golfers ready to give him the benefit of their

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experience and observations. Right here is one of the greatest features of the game. The finest players, professionals or amateurs, are forever trying to learn new points, and they rarely hesitate to divulge any point in connection with their own game. In other words, while there may be keen individual rivalries among the golfers, the greatest rivals may frequently be seen comparing notes on the best method for playing different shots.

There are many things for the young player to learn, aside from the best method for playing different shots. One golfer might pitch directly at the flag at a certain shot, while in your opinion the run-up would be the more natural. You might find, by questioning (but never at an inappropriate time), that this particular green is softer than the others on the course. Or, again, a golfer might play a run-up where the more natural shot would be the pitch; only you find that he knows the ground is too hard to get good results from a pitch. These are matters which have nearly as much to do with success in competition as the ability to hit the ball correctly, and they are points which must be learned through experience.

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Sometimes there are marked differences in the character of the turf and soil on different holes of the same course. The experienced golfer gradually learns to form an estimate of such changing conditions, even by noting whether ground is high or low, and judging whether the low land has much moisture in it.

These points, of course, do not enter immediately into the game of the younger golfer, but they are injected merely to emphasize the advantage of being observant.

On this very point, I once had a good lesson taught me. Together with Ray R. Gorton and H. W. Stucklen, prominent players of the Boston district, and Captain Albert Scott, also of Boston, who has a collection of wonderful photographs of famous golfers in action, I was visiting at the Garden City course on Long Island. Walter J. Travis and John M. Ward of the Metropolitan district were there, and after a round of golf, we went into the clubhouse, where a discussion began of the way different shots were played. Mr. Travis, who probably has made as deep a study of the game as any man in the world, began to explain how he played different shots. His explanations

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opened my eyes in two ways. One was that I was rather astonished to hear him tell so clearly and minutely exactly how he played each shot, so that any person who had watched him play as closely as I had could have a clear mental vision of each movement of his club and body. The other thing that struck me most forcibly as I listened to his explanations was how little I actually knew about how I played shots myself. Put the club in my hand and let me get out to play a shot, and I felt confident of being able to play it in a reasonably skilful manner; but to sit down and tell somebody else how I did it I realized was beyond me.

From that time to the present, it has been my aim not only to try to play the shots correctly, but to know how and why I play them a certain way. Therefore my suggestion to the young golfer—any golfer for that matter: to study his own game as well as that of others. I'll admit that at first it is not a very easy thing to do, especially for the golfer who is not sure of hitting the ball at all true. Doubtless he feels that he has trouble enough obeying the cardinal principle of keeping his eye

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on the ball, taking the club back in approved fashion, and such like, without trying to pay heed to anything else.

But a golfer can do something like this: he can take a dozen balls, for practice, and change his stance several times to note results. He might try placing the ball directly abreast of him and about half-way between his feet, with an open stance. Drive a few balls from that position and note the general results. Then he might try driving the ball from a position more in line with his right foot, and next time with it more abreast of his left foot. He doubtless will note, if he still stands about the same distance from the ball, that each stance brings its own general results. With one he finds that he is more apt to get the ball down the middle of the course, another seems to develop a tendency to pull, and another to slice.

Of course, I should not advise beginners, or even those who have made moderate progress in the game, to spend a great deal of time on such experiments merely for the sake of knowing how to slice or pull at will. My suggestion is that such experiments occasionally are excellent correctives; as, for example, when a

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golfer finds himself continually pulling or slicing. It may not be that his stance is at fault at all, but that he is pulling his hands in toward him when he plays the shot, thus coming across the ball and slicing it, or that he is pushing his hands out. This I will say about experiments, however, that they at least inculcate in the golfer the idea of being something more than an automaton in the game. Every golfer naturally would like to be able to play with mechanical precision, but at the same time the average golfer would enjoy his own precision far more by knowing exactly "how he does it."

The more one studies his own game, too, the more discerning he becomes in noting the good and bad points of some one else's play. As I have said before, there can be a great deal learned from watching good golfers. A person may note the stance taken by the proficient golfer; how much he bends his knees; how he holds his head; how far back he carries his club; how he finishes the stroke; how he grips his club. It should be borne in mind, though, in watching a first-class golfer to pick up pointers, that what the first-class golfer may

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do is not always a good method to follow. It might be impossible for the rank and file. Edward Ray is a mighty driver, but there probably are not a great many others who could drive exactly as he does and get good results. The more a player observes, the more readily will he pick up the point which is going to help his game, and cast aside the peculiarity which is not safe to follow.

In suggesting that the young golfer would be wise in spending some of his time watching others, rather than playing himself, I know I am counseling something which hardly will appeal to many who delight in playing. They want the fun of playing. That is what they are in the game for; that is why they are members of a club. Yet I can truthfully say that one of the keenest pleasures that I can have personally is in following a couple of good golfers playing a round. It is almost as good as playing an exceptionally fine shot yourself to see some one else get up and hit the ball exactly as you would wish to see it hit or to do it yourself. You know just how you would feel after making such a shot, and you are

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mentally exhilarated by seeing some one else do it.

There are other things, too, which cannot fail to impress themselves upon a person of normal observance who watches the play, we'll say, of two skilful professionals. He will see these men strive, not necessarily to get down the middle of the course, nor as far as they can from the tee, but to place the ball at some particular point which is more advantageous for the second shot. They will drive, let us say, well to the left at a certain hole, trusting in their own skill to keep them away from trouble that looms up on that side, merely for the sake of playing their second shot from a point where they can see the green. To drive straight down the middle would be lots safer, but it might leave the ball where the green would be hidden from view. It is little things like that which mark the difference between the golfer who continues gradually to improve in his play and his scoring and so many others who reach a certain point and there seem to stick.

For the younger player joining a club and hoping not only to become a good player, but to

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make a favorable impression upon older members and get along well in the more social side of club life, I would suggest that it is more advisable to be a good listener than to do a great deal of talking. To listen to men of experience discuss the game, or, for that matter, to hear their views on various topics, is to gain many points which may prove valuable. By that I do not by any manner of means suggest that the younger member should eavesdrop or try to hear something not intended for his ears.

Many golfers are apt to give a wide berth to the man who is inclined ever to talk about his own game. He wants to explain every victory and every defeat; how if his shot to the fourteenth green had not hit a stone and bounded off the course, he would have won the match, or how lucky his opponent was in holding an approach at the fifteenth. The great thing to remember is that what has happened to you, in one particular match or round, has happened to many others, and will happen to many more, so it has not even the merit of being newsy; unless there should happen to be some extraordinary occurrence, such as hitting a bird in flight or killing a fish in a brook.

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For the young man, also (and this, too, may sound like preaching), my advice is to steer clear of that part of the social life which includes liquors. As this is not a book on temperance, however, I will say nothing more on that score.

CHAPTER VI

VALUE OF IMITATION

IN the matter of trying to imitate the style and methods of players who have made their mark in golf, discretion must be used. Many golfers would never amount to much as drivers if they followed, exactly, the style of J. J. McDermott, former national open titleholder. They might devote a great deal of time and effort trying to master his long, flat swing, only to find in the long run either that they could not hit the ball on the nose, so to speak, or else that they could not hit it accurately. On the other hand, they might choose to fashion their style after that of Alex Smith, also a former national open champion, whose comparatively short swing has an added attraction from the very fact that it looks so simple. Yet they might fail to take into account the exceedingly powerful forearm that

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the latter professional has, and which makes it possible for him to get a power into the short stroke which few could hope to duplicate.

Different players have their individual peculiarities, and the more a new-comer in the golfing ranks watches the leading exponents of the game, the more readily he recognizes these peculiarities, and abstains from incorporating them in his own game. For my own part, in my earlier experiences at golf, I took particular pains to watch such players as John G. Anderson, Arthur G. Lockwood, and other Massachusetts amateurs who had achieved distinction on the links, before I ever thought of being able to compete with them on even terms. I noticed that Mr. Anderson had a habit of sort of gathering himself together and rising on his toes during his upswing. As he hits a powerful blow, I deduced that this rising on the toes and then coming down with the downward swing, had a good deal to do with the results achieved, so I experimented a little on that line. The experiment with me was not a success. The secret of Mr. Anderson's success and my failure, of course, is that he rises on his toes and descends all in perfect rhythm

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with his stroke, and I do not. The upward and downward movement of the body in my case throws me off my timing of the shot. It did not take me long to discover that, whatever advantage Mr. Anderson might derive from that peculiarity, it would not do at all for me.

It is a great pleasure for me to watch a player like Charles E. ("Chick") Evans, Jr., of Chicago, a former interscholastic champion, as well as a former National Open titleholder and amateur champion. His style is so easy and graceful, that to watch him is to get the impression that golf is an easy game to master. Watching him, and a number of others I might name, shows in a striking way the difference between the good player and the bad. One goes about his task laboriously, in a sort of I-pray-I-hit-it attitude; the other steps up to the ball with a confidence born of success, as if to hit the ball in the middle were just a perfunctory matter, after all. Confidence is half the battle, anyway, though over-confidence is the worst enemy a golfer ever had. Doubtless that is true of most games.

The late Frederick Herreshoff, runner-up to H. H. Hilton for the national amateur cham-

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pionship in 1911, is another golfer whom I liked to see in action, particularly when he was having one of his good days with wooden clubs. Edward Ray, I know, is rated as a wonderful driver, and I have seen him hit some long ones; I have seen others who are renowned for the long hitting, but I have yet to see another wooden shot which, to my mind, quite comes up to one that I saw Mr. Herreshoff make at The Country Club, Brookline, Massachusetts, in the National Amateur championship tournament of 1910. The ninth hole, as then played, I think was about 500 yards in length. Mr. Herreshoff made so long a drive that he used a jigger for his second shot, despite the fact that the putting-green is on an elevation considerably above the point from which he played his second shot. The jigger, I will explain for those who do not know its uses, is a club for shots a little too long for the mashie, and, at the same time, imparting a little loft to the ball. In the hands of a golfer like Mr. Herreshoff, I suppose it is good, ordinarily, for 165 yards. The disappointing thing in this instance was that, after his remarkable drive, Mr. Herreshoff was a wee bit off the line with

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his second shot, and not quite far enough, so that his ball went into a trap to the right of, and just below, the green.

Mr. Herreshoff is one of those players who get their wrists into shots in a most effective manner.

For my own part, I never have tried to achieve distinction as a long hitter. To be successful in open competition, a golfer necessarily must be able to hold his own fairly well in the matter of distance; but I have found it possible to do this to a reasonable degree by trying to cultivate a smooth stroke and timing it well. Being of good height, almost six feet, and having a moderately full swing, my club gets a good sweep in its course toward the ball, so that the point I strive for is to have the club head moving at its maximum of speed at the moment of impact with the ball. I know I could get greater distance than I do ordinarily, for now and then I do try to hit as hard and as far as I can, with additional yards resulting. These efforts, however, are made when there is nothing at stake, and are merely a bit of experimenting. To make such extra efforts the rule, rather than the exception, would be the old

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story of sacrificing accuracy for distance. The minute a golfer begins doing that in competition he is lost, or such is my belief.

The 1910 Amateur Championship at The Country Club, Brookline, where I saw Mr. Herreshoff make the drive above mentioned, was the first national event I ever entered, my age at the time being seventeen years. I did not qualify, but my failure did not make me feel very badly, considering all the circumstances. My total of 169 in the qualifying rounds was only one stroke worse than the top qualifying figure; and among those who, like myself, failed to get in the match play were such noted golfers as Robert A. Gardner, then the national amateur champion, and H. Chandler Egan, a former champion.

Furthermore, I played under circumstances that were a handicap in themselves. The championship field was inordinately large, and I was among the late starters for the first round, getting away from the first tee at 2:44 o'clock in the afternoon. This would have been ample time to get around before dark, had it not been for an extraordinary congestion at the third tee. Some one of the earlier starters was ex-

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ceedingly slow, not to mention the time taken to search for a ball, and other little things that helped to cause delay and hold the players back. When my partner and I arrived at the third tee, there were ten pairs then waiting for an opportunity to play that hole, and there was nothing to do but wait. An hour and ten minutes of waiting at one tee in a championship is not conducive to best efforts; at any rate, it was not in my case.

While waiting at this tee, I remember having watched W. C. Chick take eight for the sixth hole, and, while mentally sympathizing with him, I did not dream that I would get a similar figure for my own card, when I finally did play the third hole, for I had started most satisfactorily with four for the first hole, and the same figure for the second. When it came my turn to drive from the third tee, I drove into a trap, lost a stroke getting out, put my third in the woods, was back on the fair green in four, on the green in five, and then took three putts for an eight. But from that point, I was forty-four strokes for the first nine holes. By this time, the afternoon was pretty well gone, and my partner and I had to stop playing at the

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fourteenth, because of darkness. As my card showed even fours for the first five holes of the inward half, I was beginning to feel better, and had I been able to complete the round that day, I think I might have been around in seventy-nine or eighty.

Along with several other pairs who were caught in the same dilemma, I had to go out the following morning to play the remaining four holes, and the best I could get for them was a total of nineteen strokes, whereas I would do those same holes ordinarily in sixteen strokes, at most. My score of eighty-three for the first round was not bad, however, and a similar round the second day would have put me in the match play.

But I had made one serious mistake, as I learned in the course of the second round. My supposition had been that, after playing the last four holes of the first round on the morning of the second day, I would have ample time to go home to breakfast and then return for the second round, my home being in close proximity to the grounds. What actually happened was that, after completing the four holes of the first round, I was told to report immediately at

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the first tee for my second round, in which I was to have the pleasure of being partnered with the then president of the United States Golf Association, Robert C. Watson. For the first nine holes I had reason to feel satisfied, doing them in forty-one strokes, with every prospect of doing even better in the scoring for the last nine, which are less difficult. But by this time the pangs of hunger had taken a firm hold, and I could feel myself weakening physically, which was the result both of my failure to get breakfast, and the strain of a week of hard practising. The consequence was that I made a poor finish, took forty-five for the last nine, eighty-six for the round, and had one hundred and sixty-nine for my thirty-six-hole total, or just out of the match-play running. The moral is, to be properly prepared for competition.

About that "week of hard practising" I would like to add a little. My experiences of practising for the championship of 1910 taught me a good lesson, which is, that practising may easily be overdone. My idea of practising for that event was to get in at least thirty-six holes a day for the week prior to the championship. This was based partly on the idea that, with so

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Photo by Pietzcker, St. Louis

CHICK EVANS AND FRANCIS OUIMET

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much play, the game could be brought to such a point of mechanical precision that it would be second nature to hit the ball properly. The thought of "going stale" from so much play never occurred to me. Probably one reason was that I never had had a feeling of physical staleness in any sport up to that time. I always had been keen for golf, from the time of becoming interested in the game, and could not imagine a state of feeling that would mean even the slightest repugnance for play.

This is, perhaps, an error natural to youth and inexperience. It was not for me to know that a growing youth of seventeen years is not likely to have such a robust constitution that he can stand thirty-six holes of golf a day for a week, not to mention fairly steady play for weeks in advance of that, and still be on edge for a championship tournament.

It was not only on the Saturday previous to the championship (which began Monday) that I noticed this feeling of staleness. It did not come on all at once, by any means, and I did not realize what was the trouble, for on the day that I first noticed that I was not so keen for play as usual, I made a particularly good score.

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That day I was playing in company with H. H. Wilder, R. R. Freeman, and W. R. Tuckerman. This round was more or less of a tryout for places on the Massachusetts State team and I was fortunate enough to get in the best round, a seventy-six. Incidentally, I might add that this performance did not land me the coveted place on the State team, for Mr. Tuckerman reached the semi-finals of the championship the succeeding week, which gave him precedence. That year I did play one match for the State team, however. It was in the match against Rhode Island, when the Massachusetts team found itself one man shy on the day set for play, which also was at The Country Club. Somebody discovered that I was in the vicinity, looked me up, and I played with a set of borrowed clubs, and also won my match.

To revert to the physical strain of too much practice, I found that on Saturday of the practice week my hands were sore, and that I was playing with unwonted effort, though not getting any better results than when hitting the ball with normal ease. It was my first lesson in the knowledge that when the game becomes a

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task, rather than a pleasure, something is wrong physically.

My advice to any golfer preparing for a championship is, therefore, not to overdo the practice end. To my mind, the wise thing is to play thirty-six holes a day for perhaps two days a week in advance of the championship. Then spend a morning in practising shots with the irons, the mashie, and putting, followed by a round of the course in the afternoon. This might be done for two or three days, with special attention given to the club which perhaps is not getting satisfactory results. One round of golf, without special exertion, the day before the tournament, after such a program, ought to put the player in good shape for the real competition. As for the superstition of some golfers that a particularly fine round in practice means so much less chance of duplicating it in tournament play, I hold a different view, which is, that an especially good round gives an inspiration to equal it when the real test comes. I always feel after such a round that, if I can do it once, there is no reason why I cannot again.

Elimination from the championship, in the qualifying round, had its compensations. It

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gave me the opportunity to watch the championship play for the remainder of the week, to see in action those golfers of whom I had heard so much. That in itself was a treat. Some of the matches, moreover, gave me some new ideas about golf as played in competition by men in the foremost ranks. For one thing, it was rather startling, if such a word can apply, to see a golfer like Mr. Herreshoff literally "swamped" in his match with Mr. Evans. Mr. Herreshoff had made the lowest score of the entire field in the qualifying round, yet here was the same man unable to put up anything but the most feeble opposition to the young Chicago golfer. Such a match only goes to show that the best of golfers occasionally have their bad days, days on which they find it seemingly impossible to play satisfactorily. That is a good thing to bear in mind,—no match is lost before it is played. When a golfer possessed of such ability as had Mr. Herreshoff can be defeated eleven up and nine to play, it simply shows that golf is a game of uncertainties, after all; that, in fact, is one of its great charms.

In that same championship, the uncertainties of the game were shown in another match, and

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again Mr. Evans was one of the factors, though this time on the losing side. He had been playing in form which made him a distinctive favorite for the title, and, in the semi-final round, he came to the sixteenth hole 2 up on W. C. Fownes, Jr., of Pittsburgh. The sixteenth is a short hole, just a mashie pitch. Mr. Evans reached the edge of the green with his tee shot, whereas Mr. Fownes made a poor effort, and put his ball in a sand-trap.

The match appeared to be over, then and there. But a match in golf never is over until one player has a lead of more holes than there are holes to play, a fact which was demonstrated anew in this match. Mr. Fownes played out of the trap, and holed a long putt for a three, while Mr. Evans, using his mid-iron instead of his putter from the edge of the green, was well past the hole on his second shot, and failed to get the putt coming back. Hence, instead of winning the hole and the match, as he seemed bound to do he lost the hole. Then, as so often happens when a man apparently has a match absolutely in hand and loses an opening to clinch it, Mr. Evans lost the seventeenth, likewise the home hole, and, with the loss of the

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eighteenth, he also lost the match. Instead of winning the match and the championship, as nearly everybody figured he would, he only got to the semi-finals. It is true that Mr. Fownes made a wonderful recovery at the sixteenth, to get his three; he played a remarkable shot at the seventeenth, too; but a man is apt to do that after recovering from an almost hopeless situation.

It was in that championship that I was astonished to see such a great golfer as Mr. Evans using his mid-iron instead of his putter most of the time on the greens. He was then following the same practice that was true of his play in the middle west, notwithstanding that the putter is a much superior club for greens such as are found at The Country Club. He could not be expected, of course, to come east and learn to get the best results from the putter in such a short time as he had for practice.

To see him use the mid-iron on the greens, and then practically lose his semi-final round match, and possibly the title, because he could not lay a mid-iron approach-putt dead at the sixteenth, helped me to form one resolution for which I since have been thankful. That was to

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use my putter from any point on the green, provided there was no special reason for doing otherwise. Of course, there are circumstances when the mid-iron is better for an approach-putt than the putter, as, for example, when there is a little piece of dirt on or in front of the ball, casual water, or uneven surface to go over. But under normal conditions, nowadays, I would rather use my putter and take three putts, than take a mid-iron or another club. By adhering to that policy, I think I have gained more confidence in my putting, and confidence is a wonderful asset in this branch of the game.

Watching the good players in that championship gave me one distinct ambition, which was to try to steady my game down to a point where I would not play four holes well, say, and then have two or three poor ones before getting another three- or four-hole streak of satisfactory play. The steadily good game is better than the combination of brilliant and erratic. It is something like the hare and the tortoise.

CHAPTER VII

PLAY YOUR OWN GAME

IF there is one point in golf that young players should know above all others, it is to play their own game. This may sound strange, inasmuch as nearly every beginner starts his golf career either by taking lessons from the professional or by imitating the style of play of older devotees of the links; yet I think those who start playing when quite young will catch my point as soon as I give them one illustration of what I mean; take the mashie, for instance. in playing this shot, virtually all teachers of golf follow the same principle of play. It is a club we all try to use in much the same style. In so far as the style or form of executing a mashie shot is concerned, the differences are minor and have but little influence on the result. But when it comes to getting distance with the mashie and, at the same time, executing the shot with a degree of accuracy, we reach the

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point where we have to play our own game to get the best results.

I think everybody will agree with me that no two boys or girls are built alike. Take two boys of the same age, and one is usually stronger than the other. If they play their mashie shots in the same style, the stronger boy should be able to reach a greater distance in making the shot. Now when these two boys are playing a golf match, it is apparent that if the stronger of the two can reach a distance of one hundred yards with his mashie, the other should not imitate him in using the same club for the same distance. That is what I mean by playing your own game. The golfer, to be successful, must first know just what he can and cannot do with each club in his bag. He should not try to follow the example of his opponent, no matter how brilliant that opponent may be.

I am quite sure that my good friend Jerome D. Travers, who has won so many amateur and open titles in this country, would never have been such a wonderful golfer had he attempted to imitate the play of many of his opponents during the big matches he so frequently won.

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Time and again Travers would face players who obtained splendid distances from the tee with the wood; but when he could not get his wood going well, he never fell into the trap of trying to match them stroke for stroke, even though their drives were splendid ones.

On the other hand, Travers would play the game as he knew he could play it. In fact, he was always most particular on this point, and at times his judgment, which finally proved best, was freely criticized by the gallery. He simply knew what he could do with each club in his bag. He was never concerned with what other stars could do with such and such a club. That was the dominating factor in his success, just as it is the dominating factor in the ranking of any fine golfer.

As one golfs about here and there on various links and with various players, he is continually struck with the fact that so many capable players fall into the error of imitation. Nothing is more fatal to one's game. Not long ago I played with such a man, one who was able to play a splendid match, but who usually came a cropper, all because he too closely followed the plan of play of his opponent. He would watch

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me closely, and if I found what to me was a favorite shot with a mashie or iron, he would either use the same club for the identical shot or first ask me which one I was going to use. Now in this case I happened to be going very well with my iron,—better than usual, in fact,—so I frequently called upon it when other clubs might have served the purpose. I was particularly lucky with my iron that day, getting splendid results around 170-odd yards. My friend was, as I happened to notice, quite good with his wood for this distance, as he was never a man for great distances. But instead of using his brassie for distances of that kind after I had reached them with my iron, he would invariably call for the same club as I had used and usually came a cropper as a result. I am quite sure that had I followed suit when he had the honor or was first to play when our lies were almost alike, I should have had many more troubles than I did.

The fault of imitation is readily accounted for. It is quite natural for all of us to imitate the style of champions. That is all fitting and proper. By such means we learn much of value. But to this there is a limit quite clearly under-

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stood. No boy, for example, who has watched Dave Herron drive should attempt to get similar distances. It is not possible for him. This matter of distances is the point wherein imitation ceases. They are always deceptive, and on golf-links few can gage them with any degree of accuracy. Some holes we come to in our journeys about strange links may seem to us fully six hundred yards in length, though they are only two shotters. Many things in nature contribute to our difficulties in reckoning the yardage of a hole or of a particular shot. We are often at a loss to know what club to use to reach home. There is a school of golfers who by dint of much experience and practice are able to reckon the distance to the hole with uncanny accuracy. They take just pride in this ability, and I always doff my hat to them. But few of us have this keen sense of sight; few of us can overcome the many handicaps of atmosphere and landscape effects to be able to do this. And when we are in doubt about a shot of such a nature, we fall back upon our opponent to help us out, either asking his advice or watching him to see what club he uses. Consequently, when this opponent uses a certain club to

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get home, we grasp the same one much as a drowning man is supposed to seize a straw.

I take it that this is not the way to play golf. One who follows such a method is not relying upon his own judgment and game. He is playing by imitation and is sure to meet with difficulties in the long run. He is certainly not self-dependent; and one who cannot depend upon his own judgment in any game or any work is never going to get very far in this world. It is because we do not give the required thought to the game that we fall into this fatal habit of imitation. Fortunately, there is a simple formula which enables the golfer to rely upon his own judgment.

Virtually every golf-course in the world supplies score-cards for those who play over it. On all of these cards the distances of every hole is set down in yards. In addition, these distances are usually marked on the sand-box at every tee. It is almost impossible to play a round on any course without having the yardage of every hole forced upon your mind. Now the first rule in playing your own game is to note the yardage of every hole. Once you have done that on a strange course, there is little

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difficulty about playing your game according to the way you get your best results, if you happen to know what your own game is.

Every golf player should do enough practising with all his clubs to know about what distances he can reach with them in an average round. In time, such practice informs you with what clubs you can best play certain shots and get certain distances with fair luck. That your driver, your brassie, your iron, your mashie, and so on down the whole gamut of clubs, is in each case good for a certain shot or a certain distance should be as much a part of your game as your timing and style of swing; if you do not know this, you are bound to rely too much upon imitation. That is a point about golf we too frequently overlook, probably because such knowledge is only obtained by dint of much hard practice. Still, the result is worth the effort every time if one wishes to enjoy the keenest satisfaction of the sport.

I long ago made it a point to carry in my head the length of all my home-club holes as well as others that I frequently played. And I did this for the one purpose of comparison. Golfers are so frequently muddled on strange

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courses, so frequently misjudging distances,—and my own experience was the same in this particular,—that one should work out a plan to eliminate this hazard. My scheme was to remember the various holes at home so that, when I came to any tee of a strange course and learned the distance to the green, I could immediately compare it to a hole I was familiar with. Thus I felt myself at home. Here was no new problem to solve. Let us say a new hole to be played measures 485 yards. Back on the home course, there is one that measures 475 yards. They are approximately the same length. Now I know how I can best play the hole of this distance on the home course. So it stands to reason that the same kind of play will get me over the fairway I face and down into the cup in fewer strokes than by following any hap-hazard system or in watching my opponent to see what clubs he is using.

Knowing the distance one gets with his clubs, one is able to estimate the distance of each successive shot in this manner. Say a hole is 270 yards long and you usually drive about 200 yards with your wood. Now if you get off that tee in something like average form, it looks

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to me as though your approach was a seventy-yard one, which is fairly accurate knowledge of the situation confronting you, far better to reckon on than to trust to your sight, or to estimate by guess-work, or to watch to see what your opponent will select in the way of a club to tip you off. Thus, if one knows with what club he can best pitch seventy yards, he will not go far from the correct method of reaching such a green.

There are many golfers who laugh at such a scheme for play. They think that it reduces the game to a machine-like process, which they argue is not good sport. But I am of the belief that this is a proper and just and sportsmanlike course to pursue. If it were not, it seems certain that the aids we get from score-cards and sand-boxes in giving us the exact distances of each hole would never have entered into the game in the first place. Some fellows refer to it as yardstick golf. But one is never going far from right in playing in this way, so there is really a great deal to be said in its favor.

Youthful players have carefully to watch one point about their play as each successive season adds strength and skill to their game; they



Rear view of finish of a mashie pitch



Finish of a drive or brassie shot
FRANCIS OUMET IN ACTION



Finish of a midiron shot

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must note the increased distances they reach with their clubs as they grow older. The boy of twelve who gets 120 yards off the tee is likely to add some twenty yards or more in the next two years. And his entire game will increase in like proportion. That is a point he can easily note either by giving time to practise or by noting the greater ease with which he reaches greens.

Perhaps the best reason for studying one's game so carefully as to avoid imitating others, or depending upon them, is the game itself. There are two ways of playing competitive golf. One, long discarded by the better golfers, is to try to out-play each stroke of your opponent. The other is to forget all about your opponent and strive for par, playing each hole as best you can, concentrating every effort upon each shot that falls to your lot. Once the golfer can reduce his score to par, he is not going to lose many matches. If he does, he should take his upsets most graciously, for one should never feel anything but satisfied when his opponent defeats him by playing under par.

An illustration of this very thing was the splendid play of Robert A. Gardner in the

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British Amateur in 1920. Gardner reached the finals, carried Tolley to an extra-hole match, and played the extra hole in par; Tolley defeated him on this hole with a "birdie." Gardner was the first to congratulate his opponent. He had played a remarkable game and was not at all chagrined to lose to an opponent who could play a hole under par. As a result, he was hailed all over England as both a great golfer and a splendid sportsman.

There is a lot in knowing how to take a defeat. And it is a lesson every golfer should know by heart, for all of them tumble many times in a season. The game is fascinating to a great extent because of its uncertainty. Few golfers ever succeed themselves as champions, few ever rise to unbeatable heights. In this, golf differs radically from nearly every other sport. Consistency in golf is almost unknown.

At the same time we all strive for consistency, and, by dint of practice and study and the exchange of ideas we have worked out, we give each other a lift. That is one of the fine characteristics of golf. No one tries to conceal any point he may have picked up in his career. I know, in my first years of competitive golf, that

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much of my good fortune was due to the advice and tips of older and wiser heads. They were always glad and willing to lend a helping hand or to chide me if I made mistakes. Once I was playing a foursome at Garden City, and one of the players was none other than Walter J. Travis, the only American who ever won the British Amateur title. I was playing rather poorly and out for a jolly time of it. Coming to one of the tees, I suggested that we drive off together. "Play the game," was the remark of Mr. Travis, to my proposition. I shall always be indebted to him for thus informing me that the keenest satisfaction one can gain from golf is to concentrate upon it.

The biggest event of my golf days was the one I faced in 1913, when as a boy, I had tied Vardon and Ray, the English professionals, in the United States Open, at 72 holes of medal play. The following day we played off this tie. I had played the course several times in fine figures and realized all that. But as the time for the start began, my case seemed hopeless to me. Then, as I was about to tee up, little Johnny McDermott, the greatest professional player we ever developed in America, came to

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me and said, "Play your own game, Francis." Suddenly it came to me that here was the secret of golf. So I set forth with new resolve. My mind was given entirely to my own game. I forgot about Vardon and Ray, and set to work to play the best golf of which I was capable. And the best part of it all is, that I succeeded in doing so. I owe a lot to the advice of these former champions, and I hope that in this article I have passed on something of the advice that Johnny McDermott gave to me on that day away back in 1913, for that, in a few words, sums up the innermost secrets of this most fascinating game.

CHAPTER VIII

VALUE OF CONCENTRATION

ONE thing at a time, and that done well," is a very good rule in golf, as in many other lines of either work or play. I speak of this because golf is a game in which the relationship between players is a bit different than in any other game that comes to my mind. It is a game which, to reap the best results, demands great concentration, and yet a game which, at times, is played wonderfully well by those who seem to be paying scant attention to the task in hand. The game one moment brings men together and next sends them apart, according to the direction in which they happen to hit the ball; two men can start from the same tee, be two hundred or more yards apart after their drives, and both be on the same green after playing their second shots. It is a game which invites sociability, and yet does not either demand or require it. One man can go out and

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play all by himself and thoroughly enjoy his game, or two men can go out, play a round together, neither speak a word between the first tee and the last green, yet both go into the clubhouse and declare they had seldom or never spent a more enjoyable time.

So when I talk about concentration, I do not wish to be misunderstood. Different people like to do things in different ways, and golfers differ the same as other people. One golfer feels that he cannot properly enjoy a round without being able to converse with his partner or his opponent, while the other prefers to give all his attention to the play, though he may be a very prince of good fellows and most sociably inclined the moment the round is done. It is a good thing, therefore, for one golfer playing a round with another not to try to make it a sociable match, in the ordinary sense of the term, until he knows that such sociability is welcome.

As I stated before, some golfers seem to be able to play at the top of their game even though they carry on a conversation all the way around, or allow their attention to be otherwise diverted from the task of hitting the ball right. They are to be envied. At the

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same time, I have my doubts if there is one golfer in a thousand who can do those things yet rise to the top in the game, competitively speaking. With some golfers it seems to be almost second nature to be able to play well under any and all circumstances, but even of those fortunate players, some might possibly get further than they do at the game if, when it comes to important matches, they would buckle down to their own play and erase everything else from their minds. I would be the last person in the world to advise a sort of mummified attitude at all times on the links, for the sociable side of the game has a strong appeal to me. Often I have been criticized for not paying more attention to my game and less to other things. But the more thought I give to the subject, the more am I convinced that, in a match which I particularly desire to win, there is no surer way of getting the desired results than in paying attention to nothing else while the match is in progress. Every school-boy knows that it is almost impossible for him to master a lesson if he is allowing himself to think of half a dozen different things while he is trying to study. A

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member of a school nine or football eleven knows how hard it is to try to study on the night before an important game or match. Exactly the same thing is true of golf, for "no man can serve two masters" and serve each equally well.

These views, I think, are borne out by the records of different golfers who have achieved the highest honors. Walter J. Travis, who three times has been United States Amateur Champion, and who once won the British amateur title, which practically made him World's Amateur Champion, is a veritable sphinx during the course of a tournament round. Doubtless there are a great many followers of the game who think he is the same on all occasions, because they have only seen him during these matches. I can assure them they are wrong. I mention Mr. Travis here because of an incident that happened one time at the Essex County Club, Manchester, Massachusetts, where he was playing in an invitation tournament. Along about the fourteenth hole, Mr. Travis was approached by a golfer who propounded a question which, as I remember, was to settle an argument that had come up about some point

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of play. Mr. Travis looked up and said: "I am playing golf." In other words, he wished to give his entire attention to the match. His record tells its own story of what concentration has meant to him in the line of success. From all I have seen of Jerome D. Travers, who has four times won the amateur championship of the United States, he is another who never, if he can help it, allows any outside influence to affect his play during an important match.

At the national open championship in 1913 at The Country Club, Brookline, Wilfrid Reid, of England, made a grand showing in the preliminary rounds and during the first two rounds of the championship proper. During the second round of the championship proper, he was approached by a newspaper man who desired to know how he was getting along to that point. "Please don't bother me," was the English professional's rejoinder. That was all he said at the time, though after the round he explained that he had not intended to be curt, only that he never liked to be interrupted during the course of a championship round. I might add that after his grand play the first day, Reid went all to pieces on the second, due to a little

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trouble he had the night before which preyed upon his mind in the last two rounds of the championship.

Harry Vardon, I can imagine, might become so concentrated in his play that he would not even hear a question put to him during a championship round. For myself, I know I have lost more than one match for no other reason than that I have not set about my task earnestly enough. It is all right to say to yourself that you will get right down to business toward the end of a match, but, more often than otherwise, it cannot be done.

In a previous chapter, I advised against trying to drive equally far with a golfer who normally gets a longer ball than you do. Along the same line, I again emphasize the point that the quicker a golfer can develop a state of mind which will enable him to witness a fine shot on the part of his opponent without its having any adverse effect upon his own play, the more successful will he be. The logic of the argument is apparent. The problem is, how to develop that state of mind. It is natural to feel, after seeing your opponent lay an approach dead, that there is small chance of doing the same,

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and the tendency is to go at the shot half-heartedly, or at least without that confidence which means so much in a match. The better way of looking at this situation is: "My opponent is dead to the hole; well and good. I have everything to gain and nothing to lose on this shot, for if I don't get a good one, he wins the hole anyway, while if I do, I have a chance to halve, and it won't do my opponent any good to only halve a hole which he already thinks is won."

It is a peculiar fact, and part of the psychology of golf, that many times when one player makes a poor shot,—drives out of bounds or something of the sort,—his opponent steps up and does the same thing. Especially is this true of golfers not in the first rank, and, I might say, it also is to be seen with unexplainable frequency among the leading golfers. Possibly it is because the second player becomes a bit careless, or it may be because he tries to be too careful. At any rate, it does happen often. It would seem natural that the same thing might happen with the good shots, and sometimes it does, but not with anything like the same frequency. I presume the reason for this is that the rank and file of golfers are more

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prone to make errors, under stress, than they are to do something unusually good.

The man, above all others, whom I admire for his wonderful faculty of rising to the occasion by going his opponent one better, usually at a critical stage, is Jerome D. Travers. It might appear that I am trying to find an excuse for my defeat by him in the national amateur championship at Garden City, in 1913, if I mention only one shot which he played on that occasion, and which had a decided bearing on the outcome. I will say, therefore, that Mr. Travers has a long-established reputation for doing something extraordinary at what may be termed the psychological moment, and what he did against me at Garden City is only in line with similar shots that he has pulled off in other matches. He is one of that type of golfers who always seems to have a little in reserve. There are times when he plays inferior golf, but he usually plays just enough better than his opponent to win. The shot that I have particularly in mind is one that he played at the eighth hole in the second round of our match. My second shot, played from a point about 150 yards from the green, came to rest about eight feet from

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the hole. Mr. Travers, with possibly three or four yards less to play on his second, deliberated a trifle longer than usual, and then not only put his ball inside mine, but only three or four feet from the hole. I had viewed my own shot with intense satisfaction, and already was "counting my chickens" for a 3, to win the hole. What happened was that he made it in 3, and I took 4. It may be that had I secured the 3 and he a 4, he still would have won the match; but, at the same time, the way the thing turned out certainly did not improve my chances. Hence, I would explain that it is all right to let a good shot influence you when it acts as a spur to doing even better, as it seems to with Mr. Travers.

Another illustration of the point that frequently a tough situation acts as a spur to brilliant effort was a performance by C. E. Evans, Jr., in the qualifying round of the national amateur championship at the Chicago Golf-Club in 1912. H. H. Hilton, a former British amateur champion and at that time holder of the American amateur title had completed his two rounds and led the field in strokes, with Mr. Evans needing a 4 at the home hole to tie for

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the lead. Mr. Evans was just enough off the line with his drive to get a lie which made it impossible for him to play straight for the green. After studying the situation, Mr. Evans decided there was just one possibility of getting his 4, which was to play his second shot deliberately off the line, almost at right angles to it to reach an open spot known as the polo field, then approach from that open spot, and take a chance of getting near enough to go down with one putt. A fine shot landed him in the aforesaid polo field, which was upward of 100 yards off the course proper, and left him a long way from the green. Moreover, he found himself stymied by a tree. With wonderful courage and skill, he played his approach over the tree, and landed the ball on the green, though still twenty-five feet from the hole. The best thing about the story is that he holed the putt, which put him in a tie with the Englishman, and it was a fitting climax when he later defeated Mr. Hilton in the play-off for the gold medal.

This incident only goes to prove that no situation is absolutely hopeless in a round of golf, a fact behind which there is abundance of proof. Every follower of the game knows, for

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example, that holes are made in one stroke an astonishing number of times. I am one of the unlucky ones who has not felt the thrill of such a performance. The best thing about such matters as holing a tee shot or a long approach is that it is done by poor players and good players alike. The golf ball is absolutely neutral in its likes and dislikes. Of course, I must admit that the farther a man can hit the ball, the more chance he has of doing something extraordinary in this line, such as when John G. Anderson holed his tee shot at the old sixteenth of the Brae-Burn Country Club, West Newton, Massachusetts, the distance being 328 yards. The finish was downhill, but it took a long drive to get the roll. Again, there was the hole-in-one made by Mr. Allis in the summer of 1913 at Homewood, the distance being 306 yards. If the golfer would only bear such things as these in mind when the outlook is least promising in a match, perhaps the spirit of optimism would carry him through to a successful finish. When the outlook is darkest is the time when Fate may be conspiring to bring about the unexpected. I had a taste of that in the Massachusetts amateur championship of 1913, played

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at the Wollaston Golf-Club, Montclair, Massachusetts. In the second round, my opponent was Ray R. Gorton. We halved the first eight holes, after which Mr. Gorton won the ninth, eleventh, and twelfth. I had to get past a half-stymie to hole the putt for a half at the thirteenth; at the fourteenth, he was on the green in two shots, while in a like number I was above the green, on an embankment, and had to pitch down with my niblick and go down in one putt, for a half, which left me 3 down, with 4 to play. The fifteenth I won with a 3, and the sixteenth with a 2, as here I needed only one putt. We halved the seventeenth, and at the home hole it looked to be all over when Mr. Gorton had only to hole a putt of less than a yard to halve the hole and win the match. There are times when a short putt holed is worth far more than the longest drive ever recorded, and this was one of them. Mr. Gorton missed his putt, the match was squared, and I won the first extra. After that I went through and won the championship. It is by such things that championships are won and lost. Mr. Evans's inability to putt well at Garden City against Mr. Anderson, in the 1913

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amateur championship, was the chief factor in his defeat. These short putts sometimes are missed by carelessness. The moral is obvious.

While carelessness is a bad feature for any golfer to allow to creep into his game, it must not be confused with unnecessarily prolonged deliberation over shots. Too much time in studying shots before playing them is, to my mind, worse than not enough. In other words, neither procrastination nor hurrying will bring satisfactory results; but as between the two, undue deliberation is worse because it is in the nature of an imposition upon other players. Golf has become so popular a game that the number of players has increased by leaps and bounds, hence a great many clubs have an active playing membership so large that it is a problem how to accommodate all who wish to play, especially on Saturdays and holidays. An unnecessarily slow player can hold back a field and cause more fuming and hard feelings than almost any other factor in play. The same thing applies in open tournaments or championships. Admittedly there are some golfers who are so constituted that they have to go at their play deliberately to do well, but they ought to

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realize that fact, and, when they see that they are holding others back, courteously let those following to "go through."

But a great many players who are abnormally deliberate might find, by experiment, that they could play just as well, if not better, by speeding up a bit. When a golfer spends overmuch time in studying the line of his putt, for example, first viewing it from one side of the hole and then from the other, only to go back and have another look from the first side, he is apt to see undulations or bumps which really would have no influence over the ball's course if utterly disregarded. The imagination gets too much play and the mind has too much time for working up hesitancy and breeding lack of confidence. The best putters, as a rule, size up the situation quickly, then step up and hit the ball.

In all these suggestions, let me explain, I do not wish to give the impression that it is wise to putt or play another shot without sizing up the situation, or to hurry the shots. But the more one practises the art of taking in the layout quickly, and reaching a speedy decision as to the club to be used and what has to be done, the more does it become a sort of second nature.

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The professionals, as a rule, waste little time in the preliminaries for their shots. Naturally, the rejoinder might be that it is a part of their stock in trade to reach speedy decisions; yet I do not doubt that a great many amateurs would find their play surely no worse if they, too, spent less time over the preliminaries.

Every golfer, I realize, has his own problems to work out, and when I preach the doctrine of sizing up situations quickly, I do not for one moment mean to say positively that every player can step up to his ball, know immediately what club to use, and play his shot without further deliberation. Some players I am certain can steady themselves with two or three practice swings, and some benefit from giving the line of putt deep study. But I firmly believe there are many others who do these things merely from habit or from imitation.

CHAPTER IX

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD PHYSICAL CONDITION

EATING, drinking, and sleeping doubtless play an important part in golf, more particularly competitive golf. And when I speak of drinking, I do not mean in the alcoholic sense. It would be presumptuous in me to make so bold as to present a regular formula on the correct hour of retiring the night before a match, the amount and character of food to be consumed, and how many swallows of water should be taken at meals or between meals. But without attempting to dictate to any one else, I can say this much from my own experiences: that there is nothing more truly beneficial than the early-to-bed habit just before and during a tournament in which the golfer wishes to do well. Although I never have made a scientific study of the matter, I am perfectly willing to accept as thoroughly reliable the

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theory that every hour of sleep before midnight is worth two after it.

No doubt the sleep problem is one which differs according to different ages and temperaments. I realize that there are golfers, both young and old, of nervous, excitable dispositions who would find it impossible to retire early the night before an important golf match and to be speedily wrapped in slumber. Possibly there are individual cases in which early retirement would mean just a constant turning and tossing due to abnormal mental activities in thinking about the match of the forthcoming day. In such instances, it might be better for the golfer to be up late and at some occupation so physically tiring that the demands of the body would lull the activities of the mind.

Hence, when I preach the early-to-bed doctrine, I do so for the rank and file of golfers, especially the younger players, who, in the first place ought to try to school themselves not to feel that success in a match is the do-all and end-all of life. If the game is played for its own sake, rather than for the pleasure derived from winning matches or prizes, the sleep problem ought not to be particularly bothersome.

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And a good night's sleep is an undeniable asset in a hard match. It not only rests the body and stores up vigor, but it clears the eye and makes the ball look just that much larger and easier to hit. I have not the least doubt that that was one of the factors which played an important part in my victory over Vardon and Ray at Brookline in the national open championship of 1913. Many of my friends asked me, the morning of the play-off, how I had slept. I answered them truthfully that I had had a good night's sleep. No doubt some of them thought I was saying that as a matter of course, while they inwardly doubted the veracity of my answer. Frequently since that play-off, friends have put the same question, and they have seemed surprised to think that I could sleep at all soundly when realizing that so much was at stake.

Perhaps I am more than ordinarily blessed with phlegmatic tendencies; at the same time, I am inclined to think that one reason why I managed to get in a good night's sleep was that, from the moment of tying with Vardon and Ray for the championship, I made up my mind that in the play-off I was simply going out with

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the determination to play my own game to the best of my ability; that there was nothing more I could do, and that was all there was to it. If I won, I won; and if I lost, I lost. No one could do more, so why lose sleep over it?

The night before the play-off I remember well. I retired at nine o'clock, as I had been doing all through the championship week. My sister was playing the piano down-stairs, and some member of the family, fearing that I would be disturbed, shut the door of the room where it was. I am extremely fond of music, and just then the thought of not hearing it was more in my mind than what would happen on the links the next day, so I went softly down-stairs to open the door again. How long I listened to the music after that, I have not the least idea, for in the midst of it I went to sleep. Perhaps somebody will be inclined to remark sarcastically, "He must be fond of music, when it puts him to sleep!" But it must be remembered that I had had a rather strenuous thirty-six holes of golf, with an exciting wind-up, and I was well ready for sleep anyhow.

It is logical, to say the least, to assume that a clear eye and a well-rested body are assets in

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golf. That there are men who play winning golf after a night of little sleep and other factors hardly conducive to clear vision is undeniable, yet the other doctrine is the one I would preach. For myself, I know by experience that my golf suffers when my eyes are not feeling right. One day in 1913, sometime after the national open championship, I visited the Merrimac Valley Country Club, near Lawrence, Massachusetts, after having attended, the previous night, the annual meeting and dinner of the Woodland Golf Club, of which I am a member. As the evening advanced, the room became thick with cigar and cigarette smoke, and, as it was such a delightful occasion, the hour of departure was late. The consequence was that it was after midnight before I retired.

My eyes felt heavy next morning, and remained so when I played at Merrimac Valley, with the result that, while I felt all right physically, there is no doubt in my mind that my eyes were not doing their work properly. Almost invariably I was hitting too far in back of the ball, but why I could not fathom. Finally, after playing about fourteen holes in a fashion which must have caused the spectators to wonder how

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I ever could have won a championship, or even qualified, it struck me that the trouble must be with my eyes. I began to think that perhaps the two were not in proper focus. At any rate, I tried the experiment of hitting at a spot a little beyond the point where I would normally, and then I had better success.

Since then, I have given the matter occasional thought, and have wondered if it is not possible that there are times when one eye may be tired and the other not, so that they do not work in unison. It also has struck me that there may be a great many golfers who play with ill success for no other reason than that they have some little defect of vision which may not affect them in ordinary work, but which is just enough to handicap them in golf. People have glasses for close work and for distance, but may it not be possible that neither is exactly suited for getting the best results in hitting at a little ball which is neither near nor far from their center of vision? Some oculist-golfer may be able to give the answer. I put the question entirely from a layman's unscientific viewpoint.

In the matter of eating, a great deal of dis-

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cretion may be used. As a general principle, I would advise against hearty meals just before playing, and especially at luncheon between morning and afternoon rounds. It may readily be imagined that a man is apt to develop a vigorous appetite during the course of a morning round on a long and exacting course, despite the impression among those who do not play the game that it is a lazy sort of pastime, anyway, just hitting the ball and walking after it. I can assure them that, in my own case, a round of golf is a sterling appetizer. To satisfy this hunger completely is to invite defeat, for it is apt to bring on a logy, indolent state, or to mitigate against the player getting "down to the ball" on his shots. I could cite specific instances in which I am convinced the better golfer lost a match mainly because of the ill-advised indulgence of his appetite.

On this particular point I can look back with a great deal of amusement to a match which I played in 1913 in the Massachusetts amateur championship. My prospective opponent and I, after having won our morning matches, went into the club-house dining-room for lunch, and, as it so happened, we sat opposite each other.

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This, of course, meant that each could see what the other ate. Evidently he felt as hungry as I did, and we both sat down to some extra-generous portions of lamb-chops, together with potatoes and one or two other side-dishes. I can just remember that the combination served that day was hearty, to say the least. After having finished the regular course, I asked for a glass of milk, while my opponent for the afternoon inquired what there was for dessert. He was informed that there was strawberry shortcake and apple-pie.

I could see that that strawberry shortcake was a temptation to him; it was to me, though probably in lesser degree. At the same time, I could see that, much as he wanted a piece of it, he could not quite make up his mind that it would be the part of wisdom to eat it. Finally, I sang out: "Go ahead and get a piece of it; if you eat it, I will, too." He ordered his piece of strawberry shortcake, and so did I, and we both ate it with a great deal of relish. The consequence of our indulgence, however, was that we both went out for our afternoon match with our stomachs rebelling at such vigorous exercise after such a feast, and it took us about

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eight or nine holes to really get going. Fortunately for each of us, the superabundance of food was about an equal handicap. The thing does not always turn out that way, however, so it is a good point to keep a proper curb on the appetite between rounds.

While on the subject of food, I might mention that I have known of instances where golfers have had their play and food-stuffs intermingled entirely without their previous knowledge or consent. There was the case of a man playing at Kendall Green, Weston, Massachusetts, who hit a ball which entered the pantry window of a building and was found lodged in a custard-pie. I never ascertained whether the owner of the ball played the shot from where the ball lay, or whether he discontinued his game temporarily, long enough to eat the pie. The other incident I have in mind was when I was playing off a gross score tie with P. W. Whittemore, at The Country Club, Brookline, and Mr. Whittemore hooked his tee shot to the tenth hole to a spot which interfered seriously with a family of bees. Whether Mr. Whittemore likes honey, I do not know; but I do know that for a while he was the center of

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attraction for the entire colony of honey-makers, and that, before the end of the round, one of his wrists was nearly double its normal size.

Now as to drinking, meaning the drinking of such a temperate beverage as water. It may sound almost silly to say that a drink of water during the course of a round might be the cause of losing a match. Yet I am willing to go on record as making the statement. The thought might never have occurred to me were it not for an incident in my match with Mr. Travers in the National Amateur Championship at Garden City in 1913. Just before driving from the sixth tee in that match, I went to the water fountain adjoining and took a refreshing drink. The next thing that happened was that I made an inglorious top of my drive. Gilman Tiffany, who was acting as caddy for Mr. Travers, in true sportsmanlike spirit volunteered me the information then and there that it was not wise to drink just before driving, for the reason that it had a temporarily bad effect upon one of the nerves. At the same time, there flashed into my mind, curiously enough, an experience exactly similar which I had had in a previous interscholastic match at the Woodland Golf

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Club. Since then I have heard the same opinion expressed by one or two other golfers who not only play the game well, but who do so with an analytical mind for causes and effects.

Physical condition is not generally looked upon as so important a factor in golf as in a great many other games, but a majority of those who take such a viewpoint do not really know how much it does amount to. There is a tremendous physical strain, as well as the mental, in going through a National Amateur Championship, for example, for it means thirty-six holes of golf a day for six successive days, and that coming after the practice. To swing a golf-club once or twice is not much of a task, and to walk around a golf course once is not much of a strain, but when it comes to walking around seven to eight miles over a golf course each day, and to playing under all sorts of conditions, not only of the course but of the weather, to putting forth the effort that it requires to get a ball out of the long grass or out of a bunker, the average competitor finds that at the end of several such days he is glad enough of a rest. Hence there can be shown

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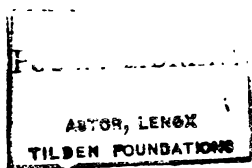
wisdom not only in the matter of food but in exercise.

Championships sometimes are decided as much on physical condition and stamina as they are on skill. There are golfers who, in their advancing years, can still play their shots with the same skill as in their younger days, but when it comes to several successive rounds of competitive play, they tire; the shots do not come off in the same old way, because there is not the same vigor in the stroke, and the timing begins to suffer. The National Amateur Championship of 1909, played at the Chicago Golf Club, Wheaton, Illinois, was decided largely upon the physical condition of one of the contestants in the final round, or such was the opinion of many who watched the play all that week. In the final round were H. Chandler Egan, a former national title-holder, and Robert A. Gardner, then a young student. All through the earlier rounds, Mr. Egan had been playing wonderful golf. On the day before the final round, I think it was, he ate a piece of apple-pie that made him really quite ill. He had not recovered on the morning of the final, when he had to play a championship match.

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That he went out and gave Mr. Gardner a hard tussle for the title spoke well for his courage and fortitude. Perhaps he would not have won the title in any event, for Mr. Gardner played a fine game that day, but from the quality of Mr. Egan's game earlier in the week, it is a moral certainty that had he been in tiptop physical shape, he would have made the finish closer than it was, Mr. Gardner winning by 4 and 3.

I have spoken of the task of walking so many times around a golf course and conditions of wind and weather. Along with these topics there may appropriately be said something about the wearing apparel. In the amateur championship at Chicago in 1912, Norman F. Hunter of England had to drop out of the play in his match against Warren K. Wood, being overcome by the heat. He wore a coat, as is the English golfer's custom. As to whether golfers should wear coats on the links, I have no opinion, except that I believe in being comfortable. Some golfers like to play in a coat, Jersey, or sweater, because they like to have something snug to keep their shoulders in place, while others like to discard them for just the



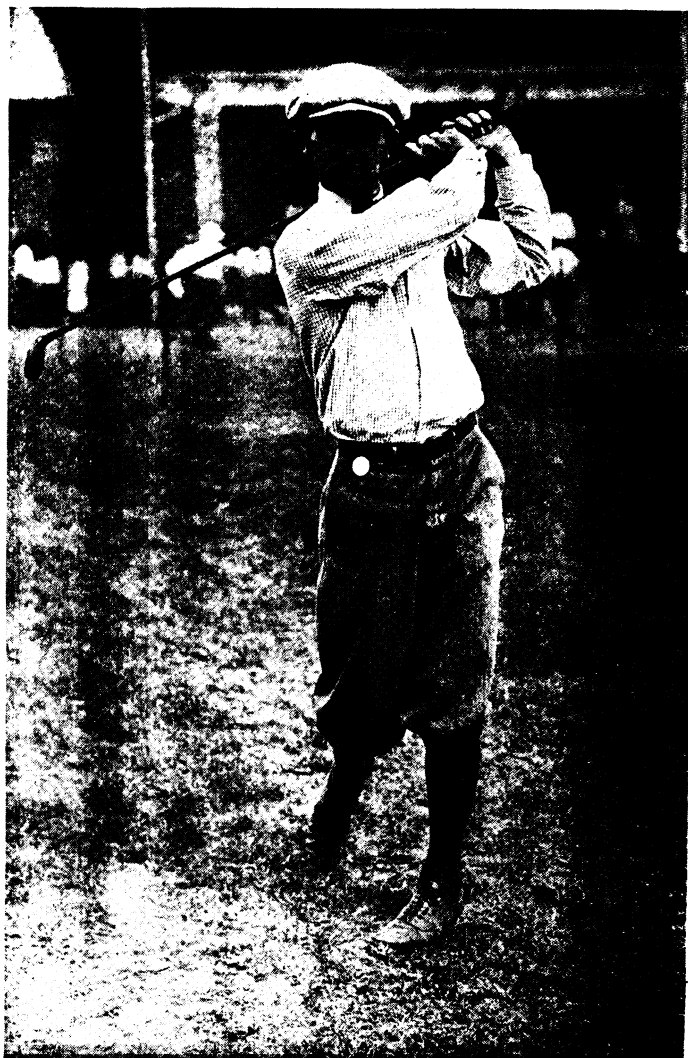


Photo by Edwin Levick

RUDOLF KNEPPER

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opposite reason,—that they like to get a free stroke. These are points which the golfer works out to his own satisfaction. In the matter of apparel, the main thing, as I have said, is to be comfortable.

The question of footwear is another on which individuals differ. Some prefer always to play in leather shoes with hobnails on the soles, where as many prefer sneakers, and some the rubber-soled leather shoes. I like the sneakers, when conditions are normal, for I find the walking easier, and the sneakers seem to give more freedom. At the same time, it is an unwise thing to play an important match without having a pair of hobnail shoes handy in case of rain. When the ground is wet and slippery, the sneakers or rubber-soled shoes give precarious footing. I remember playing at The Country Club, Brookline, one time, when a thunder-shower came up, and I was playing in sneakers. At the long ninth hole, my ball rested on a piece of ground well bestrewn with clover leaves. These are particularly slippery after a rain, and when I made my swing, I swung myself completely off my feet, and went down flat.

CHAPTER X

KEEPING FIT

WHEN I first began playing golf most of my tournaments were either inter-scholastic or local. Since those days many things have happened to me that the average youth does not think about in the beginning of his career on the links. Perhaps the greatest lesson from experience, in so far as golf is concerned, is to learn to save your strength and enthusiasm for the time when you really need them. Most of us burn ourselves out before it is time to meet competition of the hardest kind.

As I see golf now, I would rather enter a championship with the knowledge that while I might have played more often in preparing for it, this handicap would be more than taken care of by the enthusiasm I would have for the matches. Lacking this keenness, one is almost sure to encounter disaster. The first time this

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came to my attention was in 1915. When the summer season came around that year and John Anderson's work at the Fessenden School was over, he rushed to his boys' camp in the woods of New Hampshire, miles from any links, where he had no opportunity whatever to play his favorite game. He had little or no time to think of it either, being so busy taking care of the many boys who spent the summer with him.

That year the Amateur Championship was played at the Detroit Country Club. On my way to it I happened upon Anderson, bent upon the same mission—winning the title. He informed me casually he had played but one game of golf since school had closed in the early summer, two months before. My opinion was that he had absolutely no chance to do anything. We arrived on the links two days before the qualifying round. Anderson went over the course several times, practised some mashie shots in addition, and expressed himself as being not only ready for the affair, but satisfied with his game.

This all struck me as rather amusing in view of the fact that all the other fellows who were

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present had been hard at work since early spring practising for this very tournament. There was one other contestant who had followed Anderson's seeming lack of plan—Robert A. Gardner. He had also given little time to golf that year. But imagine my surprise, when it came down to the finals, to find these two players the sole survivors.

I have always attributed this rather startling ending of the 1915 Amateur to the fact that these two golfers had entered that affair with the greatest enthusiasm imaginable and that this very thing did more than any other factor to bring out the splendid games they played. Where the others had worn themselves out in the preparation, Anderson and Gardner had stored up an abundance of strength and enthusiasm. They had ample reserve power to call upon in the pinches, and as the play advanced from day to day, their games improved by leaps and bounds.

Keeping fit, physically and mentally, is the big jog of all athletes. What would happen to a big college football eleven if its trainer did not watch particularly this important point? I am inclined to think, and those close to this

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sport have told me, that a team which is stale and overworked rarely lasts a full period. The same thing is true in track athletics. There is the case of Joie Ray, one of the greatest mile-runners we have ever produced. Ray went to Antwerp in 1920 to compete in the Olympic Games as a member of the team from the United States. From early winter and up to the time he sailed to Belgium, Ray had been in active competition. There was no one at his distance during all this long period who seemed to be in his class. It was felt by all who followed those games that, when his special event was run, Ray would prove an easy winner. But instead of coming in first in this race, Ray did not place! You cannot make me believe there are half a dozen better men in this event than Joie Ray. It was just another case of being burned out. Ray suffered the penalty which comes from too much preparation.

Of course, when they consider golf, most boys will say it is not like the strenuous sports and that the average healthy youngster can play it all day without getting tired. I'll admit that football or mile-running is a far more wearing game; but I must say that golf carries

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a greater mental strain than almost any sport we have. To be sure, there is such a thing as not playing enough to put one in just the right condition, and the case of John Anderson, which I cited, almost illustrates this. Circumstances simply made it impossible for him to give the time to golf that he felt he should have given in his preparation for the Amateur Championship in 1915. But the fact remains that his long lay-off from the game, coupled with his fine physical condition, just about fitted him perfectly for the supreme test of the season.

In the beginning of my competitive days I used to work hard and conscientiously for a big event. The last few seasons I have not. I have felt satisfied to arrive on the scene a day or two before the match started. Then I would go around the course a few times without taxing my strength to any great extent, more for the purpose of getting its general plan in my mind than for anything else. Such a scheme saved me mentally and physically for the play, just as it taught me all that was necessary to know about the course.

One of the most apt illustrations of over-

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golfing concerns the invasion of England by a group of United States amateurs in 1914. In that year, the late Fred Herreshoff, Jerome D. Travers, Arthur Lockwood, and the writer went over in quest of the British Amateur title several weeks in advance of "Chick" Evans, Harold Weber, Fraser Hale, and some other players. We, of the advance guard, thought we were doing the right thing. Now it happens that the English championship links are isolated. Once you get to them, there is nothing to do but to play golf. We soon tired of having so much of it, but we continued to play for want of other recreation. Just before the big event started, Travers came to me and said: "Francis, I'm tired out. I wish this tournament was over with." He expressed my feelings exactly. You can judge for yourself whether or not we were fit to play when the big event came. I never can be convinced that this was not the cause of our early elimination.

The less the experience of a golfer, the more apt he is to over-golf. At the Engineer's Country Club during the 1920 Amateur, I saw any number of high-class young players practising for hours at a time, even after they had played

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thirty-six holes. Do you not see how little of value there was in such practice after muscles were weary from a full day of play? One youngster in particular was advised to smooth his drive. Every day he must have driven enough balls, following his two rounds, to equal the effort he had previously spent in going around the links. He had developed a slice. But how he ever hoped to remedy it, with wrists and muscles already fatigued, is beyond me! Indeed, one has but to spend a few days at a course before a championship event starts in order to separate the old hands from the novices. The veterans will go there for two purposes—hitting enough shots to get the stiffness out of their arms and familiarizing themselves with the course; while the novices use every minute of daylight to play and practise. Sometimes the latter class wins; but more often, and far too frequently, they weary themselves beyond the point of recovery.

Golf is no longer an old man's game. The youth of this and other nations are taking it up in ever increasing numbers because they have found that no other sport possesses quite the same peculiar nerve-stirring or soul-trying

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qualities as does this one. There are two kinds of golf, to be sure—that played with friends for the mere pleasure of being outdoors with them and measuring strokes, and that played for championships and to win, although the same high ethics and good feeling prevail in both.

To illustrate the soul-trying feature of this sport one has but to review in part the match between young Reginald M. Lewis and "Chick" Evans at the Amateur Championship in 1920. After battling for the best part of a day, Lewis stepped up to the last tee with a lead of one hole on Evans and drove as fine a ball down the middle of the fairway as any one would want. This fairway, for the time being, had been transformed into a vast amphitheater, packed with an enormous crowd, for the word had gone forth that the youngster was downing Evans, news that seemed miraculous to the followers of amateur play. Then came Evans' turn. He had witnessed this magnificent shot by Lewis and must have realized the odds were greatly against him, for he had to win that hole to prevent defeat. Can you imagine his distress when his tee-shot forced the crowd to

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part, a sure indication that he had pulled it off the fairway and would find an unfavorable lie?

No golfer ever faced a harder task than did Evans when he came upon his ball. In the first place, a sand-trap had caught it; and in the second, there was a barrier between him and the green in the form of a clump of trees. Evans did the only thing possible under the conditions—tried for the green. His attempt was anything but a success, as his ball, striking the limb of a tree, bounded back upon the fairway but a few yards in advance of the tee-shot of Lewis. The latter showed judgment on his second by playing it for the back of the green, safe from all apparent harm. As a result, Lewis lay just over the green on an embankment and Evans some one hundred yards away, both to play three.

A fine mashie by Evans came to twenty feet beyond the pin. It was a grand shot; but for all that, his case looked hopeless. Miracles were needed to win that hole and this shot had not been one. It seemed like a sure five for both, which was all that Lewis needed to win. Lewis took his time playing his third, a chip-shot that ran up nicely to within eight feet of

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the cup. Victory seemed a certainty for him. To rob him of it, Evans had to sink a nasty downhill putt of twenty feet and depend upon Lewis missing one of eight! Nobody envied "Chick" his position.

Now, years of experience had taught Evans that a golfer should always have something in reserve to call upon in the crisis, and upon that reserve he was now to depend. Before it was his turn to play he had been walking back and forth across the green, much as does the thoroughbred at the barrier, waiting for the start. It seemed to me that during those awesome moments "Chick" was weighing his chances and was coming to a conclusion. The outstanding feature of the real athlete's make-up is the uncanny way he has of meeting the emergency. Then he came to his ball, studied the line, and with a firm putt sent it on its course along that treacherous downhill green. The next thing we knew, it dropped out of sight into the cup. Under the conditions, Lewis would have proved himself a miracle-man extraordinary had he sunk his own putt for a half. As it was, he made a valiant attempt. It took "Chick" five

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extra holes to gain his victory—the longest match ever played in our Amateur.

As I analyze that match, it was only another case of an accomplished golfer winning over one less experienced. This may seem like a crude statement, in view of the record of Lewis, but I think all will agree he is less experienced by far than Evans. As it was his battle, that day stamps him as one of the greatest fighters and golfers in the country. But the main point I want to drive home about this same match is that had "Chick" been weary or worn from too much golf, the reserve force which pulled him out of as critical a hole as any champion ever faced would have been lacking.

All boys have heard of Fred Wright, the fine young golfer who in 1920 won the Massachusetts title and tied Bobby Jones in the qualifying round of the National Amateur for the same year. I was talking with him one day some months later about this point of playing too much. He informed me that while he played a great deal that year, there was a period of about three weeks when he did not touch a club. It was before the Massachusetts championship,

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which, as usual, attracted a fine field. It was his ambition to win this event.

He qualified easily enough and on each succeeding day improved in play until he came to the match where he faced Jesse Guilford, the "Siege Gun" of the links. Guilford had been playing right along up to this tournament. As a result, he was tired and made a slow start. Wright, keyed up and keen on account of his rest, started off like a frisky colt, settled right down to play, and in a jiffy had a nice lead. Guilford found himself struggling for halved holes instead of wins and unable to force his game to its top pace. Wright won, and attributes his success to his lay-off.

I trust from all I have said that my readers will not carry the impression with them that I recommend little or no golf as a best means of preparing for big things. On the contrary, I strongly advise a great deal of it, but not just before a big event. One should learn, as early as possible in his golf career just how much work and practice he needs to be in prime condition and at the top of his game. Then care must be used. I should advise boys and girls to practise their weaknesses in the spring. The

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tip as to the time to ease up is an individual matter. Just as soon as your scores reach your standard, then by all means go slow. That's the sure sign you are on edge. Too much golf after that is sure to force you over the apex and downhill.

No other problem of the game quite equals the one of knowing just what doses of golf to take to keep in fine form. In the summer of 1920 I did a lot of work preparing for the meeting Jesse Guilford and I had with Ray and Vardon. Five days before that meeting I did the course in 69, two strokes under par. I decided not to play again until the day before. That was where I made my mistake. On that day I repeated this fine score, but was never so blue in my life. My friends were elated and counted on my playing a great game. I was afraid, and justly, that I had started downhill. The next day my surmise proved correct. I had played just once too often. Had I been a bit more careful, or a better judge of myself, this slump might not have happened. I do not put this down as an alibi for my defeat. Nothing is farther from my thoughts. I'm merely trying to illustrate the point of this chapter. The

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tired golfer is not the best. When he feels that way in his muscles or has n't a keen desire to play, the very best thing he can do is to forget all about golf until the desire comes back. That is the secret of success, once you have mastered your strokes.

CHAPTER XI

GOLF IN BAD WEATHER

WHEN mere youngsters, as I have already stated, my brother and I had become enamored with golf. Thus when cold weather and winter came along and we still had a yearning for the game, we contrived to pass many a pleasant hour in an old barn. On bad days we would enter this structure with our mashies, several old balls, and two buckets. These latter we would set up in opposite corners of the large room of the barn, and a game of mashie pitching would follow.

During the golf season, we spent our pleasant days on the improvised affair in the cow-pasture. That is, unless we happened to awaken early enough to get in a few holes at the country club before the greens-keeper appeared, and he chased us away. But on wet days—and the harder it rained the better I liked it—we played to our heart's content over



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GOLF IN BAD WEATHER

the well-kept course without ever being interfered with. One of our chief stunts on such days was to select some secluded hole, and play it over and over again with mid-irons and mashies. We soon found that our play suffered little in comparison with what we could accomplish in good golf weather. As a result of those odd moments of golf, I find that I have developed a great deal of confidence in my game when the weather conditions are far from normal; I even have an assurance that, when the rain comes down, I can almost equal my best. And as luck would have it, it has been my fortune to play many a match or medal affair under the most trying conditions. In nearly all of these cases, my score has been low.

As an example of what this training has meant to me, let me tell you of an experience I had in the latter part of May, 1920. We were holding our annual tournament for the country-club cup and were down to the semi-finals. I had been lucky enough to work my way to this round. In it I was scheduled to play Fred Wright, a really remarkable player for a boy, and destined to be one of the stars

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of golf in this country. The day of our match conditions were ideal for water sports—nothing else. The course was ankle deep with water, and it was coming down in torrents all the time. We waited quite a while after lunch in the hope that conditions would improve, but eventually had to sally forth in order to complete our match before dark. As proof of what a hold golf has on its followers, several hundred people followed us during our play. Of course, they were far better protected than we were.

It did not seem possible for good golf to be staged under the conditions. But Wright took only one stroke above par to finish the first nine holes, where he had me two down. I was playing as well as I knew how, and I can state right here that Wright was staging the sort of game that will put a golfer ahead in ninety out of a hundred matches. It was a most remarkable performance in view of the conditions. The day I defeated Vardon and Ray for the United States Open Title in the play-off match, nearly every reporter commented upon the fine golf exhibited under such trying conditions. Well, if it rained hard at that time, it

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was merely an April shower compared to the "near cloud-burst" that Wright and I were driving through.

At the turn a strange thing happened. Wright wavered just a trifle during the last nine holes, while I went better than I knew how. My score for this half the journey was a 34, which brought me the victory by 2 and 1. This gave me a medal of 75 against Fred Wright's 77. And I don't mind saying those marks are a feat in themselves even when conditions are perfect for golf.

The feature of our play throughout the struggle was our iron shots. With the rain driving in under our broad-rimmed hats, it was no easy matter to pick the ball out of a wet lie and have it land on the green fairly close to the cup when we used our mashies. Yet we had uniformly fine success at doing this. That is about the way almost every one looked upon the game, except those who have studied and played it longest. These latter know that golf is not such a difficult game in wet weather, unless there happens to come a deluge. That is just what makes it such a fine sport. A tennis-match or ball-game could not

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possibly be run off on such days. But your golfer need not be denied his rounds by the weather, except where there is snow and ice. And we have our splendid southern courses to take care of such hazards.

I think, as I look back upon my game with Fred Wright, that the cause for the sudden turn in our match in my favor was the matter of clothing. I was well bundled up to keep warm, whereas Wright was too lightly dressed. As a result, he felt the cold, and his muscles probably contracted a bit from its effect. This prevented him keeping up the terrific pace he set for the first half and gave me my opening.

In the matter of wearing-apparel to meet such conditions, warm clothing is quite essential. If one gets chilled, the muscles are bound to tighten; and when they do, good playing is out of the question. The grip of the club in wet weather is a matter of worry to many. A good many chaps "doctor" theirs, sometimes with resin. Tom Claflin, a well-known Boston golfer, winds a piece of cotton string around the leather grips of his clubs when it rains, and claims that he gets a much better grip as

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a result. As I happened to have played him that same morning in just as hard a rain, I can vouch for the fact that his grip was steady throughout and that he never complained of any handicap of this sort. Indeed, I was most fortunate to defeat him after going an extra hole.

Another excellent wet-weather idea is to wear a pair of rough and inexpensive cotton gloves. These must be saturated in water before a firm grip results, but that is not difficult to accomplish when torrents are falling. Most golfers I know prefer this sort of grip, though my own view leans toward a wrapping of ordinary surgeons' gauze. This is easily procured at any drug-store, and any one can wrap it on the grips of his various clubs, as it is put on in precisely the same manner as the regular calfskin grip. Like the cotton glove, it too has to be soaked first in water before a firm hold is assured.

Many friends of mine ask me continually how it is I can play almost as well in wet weather as I can in the sunshine. I do not know the exact reason, but I am inclined to attribute it to my early training, which I out-

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lined briefly in the beginning of this chapter. There were many humorous incidents connected with those early school-days, which did not appear so to me at the time of their happening. I recall that I gave my good mother many opportunities to reprimand me for playing golf in the pouring rain. She has often told me since that on such days when she asked me to do anything for her, my reply invariably was, "Oh, please!—It's too wet, Mother." Yet I never hesitated to brave the weather for a chance at golf! This seems altogether reasonable, for while I was taught to obey, I believe my dear mother sensed the situation correctly. She seemed to divine that the game was a sort of religion with me. This, I take it, is so of every real golfer, or should be.

My explanation of playing golf in the rain is not difficult. Most players are inclined to look upon wet weather as a calamity. It seems to them no time for golf. To my way of thinking, it is merely a matter of psychology. One can handicap himself greatly by thinking the rain is a big hindrance. The preferable view is to make yourself think the weather could be much worse, no matter how heavy the

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downpour. Have you heard the story of the optimist who accidentally fell from a window of the fifteenth floor of the Woolworth Building? As he came rushing by an open window of the third floor, he was heard to gasp, "Well, I have n't struck anything yet." Golf temperament must be of the same order on inclement days. We must not think that all is lost simply because the weather is not the most agreeable. And there is always the consoling thought,—never to be denied, as it is true,—that the other fellow has to buck just the same conditions. That is well worth thinking of.

This is much the frame of mind of Walter Hagen, a former open champion. When Hagen was preparing to go to England in quest of the British Open Title, there was a great to-do about the effect upon his game of the high winds, so prevalent on the courses over there. No doubt, this wind proved a difficult handicap for Hagen; but he remarked before sailing that it appeared to him as though Vardon, Mitchell, and the other British cracks would find it just as big a one. That is the view to take of inclement weather conditions. Any

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other will wreck your game. The chap who grumbles is a goner.

To read what I have written, one may draw the conclusion that I thoroughly enjoy getting drenched during a golf match. Let me state right here that this is far from the case. I much prefer sunshine and a snappy air. But one cannot reckon on such weather; and as golf is played according to schedule, there is but one way to enter a game—to feel that the weather is by no means a handicap to you.

The golfer known as a mud-horse is popularly supposed to be one who can plow around in the rain and mud at about the same pace he would set on a good day. As a matter of fact, he is nothing more than the player who takes the breaks cheerfully and is prepared for whatever comes, be it a bad day or a corking good opponent. I recall a game I once played with the late Tom Anderson, which caused me to think some fellows were better in the rain than at other times. The links we played over resembled closely the Great Lakes done in miniature. Ordinary sand-traps were quick-sands, and deep puddles filled the fairways. Even the putting-greens were covered in many

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places. And it was raining hard all the while. Tom got under way at a fast clip, and, without exaggeration I can say that I have yet to be treated to a better brand of golf than he displayed under the conditions. A difficult first nine was accomplished in 35, and he came in with a 72 to his credit, one under par. Tom was hitting prodigious tee-shots every time, and these, combined with some fine iron play, turned the trick. The thing that impressed me most was the height of all his shots. He had learned that good results can be obtained on wet courses only by hitting the ball into the air.

Low scores on heavy courses are not unusual and are easily explained. They are caused in part by the uniform condition of the putting-greens. A golfer can putt with more consistency on a slow green than upon one that possesses the speed of a skating-rink. Another reason is that his mashie approaches are more likely to stay close to where they fall than would otherwise be the case. That permits him to approach fearlessly. J. H. Taylor, the British golfer and reputed to be the best exponent of the fickle club, told me that the secret of his success with the mashie was due to

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the fact that he always tried to pitch his ball into the cup on the fly. He explains that, if it carried to the hole, it would usually remain in its near vicinity, as he put so much back-spin on the shot.

To return again to my early training as a mud-horse and the manner in which I stole my golf (it was nothing else), I recall many stunts that more than helped my game as I grew older. You will remember my saying that another boy and I (sometimes it was my older brother Wilfred) would sneak off to a hole far removed from the club-house and there disport ourselves like members in good standing, except that the members would have had the pleasure of knowing that they could not be removed or ejected. In a great many cases we were compelled to play two holes over and over again. Instead of playing these holes in the orthodox manner, it was quite necessary to play from one green to another in order to avoid being seen. A rule was made to the effect that whoever won a hole had the privilege of saying just how the next one should be played. Needless to say the easiest ways were never selected.

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For instance, one of the most popular selections was that of making the loser play over a wooded section. The length of such holes was about four hundred odd yards, and you can well imagine that it was not long before we discovered the best way of getting distance with our mid-irons and mashies. I have always felt that such training could not be improved upon. Nowadays, when I think I need a little practice in the use of my mashie or mid-iron, I go back to the schemes of those good old days and pick out the hardest shots I can work out, whether they happen to be the regular shots on the course or not. I find this does me more good than anything I can practise. Following this procedure, one is bound to get shots that he would never get in the course of a round of the links.

Usually, upon my return home on one of those "damp days," my folks would confiscate my clubs and balls as a punishment for playing golf at the Brookline Country Club. The clubs were usually hidden away. But the next day I invariably found them. My mother often remarked that she wished I could find my hat or coat as easily as I could those golf-sticks.

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The day I played Fred Wright, I must confess, was the worst day I can ever remember playing the game. The wind blew sixty miles an hour; and had I not been clothed warmly, I know that it would have left me in bad shape. My advice to all who have to start their golf matches in a rain-storm is to dress warmly about the body. If you can avoid the cold feeling that is so certain to follow when your clothing becomes soaking wet, you will notice that your game suffers but little in comparison with what you may expect it to be when the sun shines.

A warm bath after you have finished, and you will really suffer no ill effects from your diversion.

At Pittsburgh, in 1919, during the Amateur contest, we had quite a bit of all the elements. Every day for four days it rained very hard. Yet the scores that were turned in more than satisfied the most critical. Thunder-showers cut loose with remarkable ferocity; yet the play went along, and splendid scoring was the result. In my first qualifying round I was treated to weather quite out of the ordinary. My partner was E. H. Bankard, of the Midlothian

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Club of Chicago. Lowering clouds as we started off the eighteenth tee told us that a storm was imminent. Playing as rapidly as we dared, we reached the last green as the storm broke. As Bankard stepped up to make his approach putt, a flash of lightning flared across the sky. In the next instant the heavens seemed to open, and, before one could say Jack Robinson, there was a perfect downpour of the largest hailstones I have ever seen. My partner hurriedly putted his ball out of sight and made a bee-line for the club-house, leaving me to the mercy of those icy stones. I could not blame him, though, because his day's work was over. Bareheaded, I stepped up and from a distance of twenty feet made a truly fine putt over the hobbly hailstones. The ball stopped eighteen inches from the hole, and ordinarily, I feel pretty certain of making putts of this distance. I carefully removed the obstacles from my path and prepared to hole that short putt. Just as the ball seemed ready to drop into the waiting hole, an extra large stone landed directly between the ball and the hole and suddenly stopped my putt on the edge of the cup!

CHAPTER XII

IMAGINATION IN GOLF

AFTER playing golf for many years, I have found that success depends upon two things: mental and physical force. But I fear that too many golfers believe that the latter is the outstanding reason for playing well, probably because they have the same feeling about other sports. While I do not mean to infer that games like baseball, football, and tennis put a premium on strength above all else, there is a marked difference between them and golf.

For one thing, these three games are played on practically the same kind of fields, no matter where staged. Whereas in golf you are constantly encountering numerous and varied hazards in the shape of sand-traps, bushes, ponds, long grass, and so on. The knowledge that these hazards actually exist and are to be found where they are is one great cause for

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many upsets in golf. They cause one to imagine a great deal more than he should.

To me, this imagination represents about eighty per cent. of golf. In other words, as you look down the fairway and see a patch of long grass or a sand-trap, the first thing that comes to your mind is how to avoid this particular hazard. Hazards are magnetic, and possess the faculty of drawing your ball toward them. This seems to be especially true if you devote every effort toward avoiding them.

If golfers would attempt cultivating the idea that there are no traps in the way, or, instead of thinking so much about them, do as Walter Hagen does, believe that, if you do fall into one, your lie will be good and enable you to get out without penalty, I believe they would have a far greater measure of success in play.

Almost every boy or girl who rides a bicycle will recall how easy it was to hit a tree when he or she began riding. Just as soon as you noted one somewhere along the road, you would let the thought of your running into it master you. Consequently, you would go pounding into it. I learned a similar lesson

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about golf the other day when playing a round at the Woodland Golf Club. A wild tee-shot at the third hole landed me in a little grove to the right of the course among the trees. My ball lay about a hundred and seventy yards from the green. Some sixty yards in front of me, and directly in my course, stood a huge oak. This, apparently, shut off any chance I might take to reach the green. After studying the situation carefully, I came to the conclusion that the shot for me to attempt was a safe pitch to the fairway.

So I played with nothing else in mind. Just as it appeared that I had achieved my object, my ball struck a small twig and came bounding back to where I stood. Again I tried the same shot, and again my ball hit the same twig and rebounded to me. I began to think rapidly at this point of the game, and came to the decision that I would try to reach the green. Taking the mid-iron from my bag, I took a good look at the big oak which completely stymied me. Golf is odd in that you never seem able to accomplish the thing you most desire to do. For this reason, I had little faith in my chances of getting by that tree. Nevertheless,

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I took my mid-iron and tried my best to play into the tree. My shot missed it nicely, stole through the branches without mishap, and, when I came to my ball again, it was quite near the hole. I decided right away that the best way to play a ball out of such a hazard was to try and hit the tree. One may do so once in a great while, but the average will be greatly in favor of your not doing so.

A friend of mine told me of an odd experience of this kind on the part of Walter J. Travis when playing in a match at Palm Beach in 1917. Travis, as you probably recall, was considered to be the most accurate putter in the game. Coming to the ninth hole, Travis was some fifteen yards off the green. His opponent's ball was almost on the green and directly in his line for the cup. Travis took out his putter and attempted to run up dead to the cup. His ball was played so accurately that it struck the other directly in the center and rolled it onto the green, again directly in his line. My friend asked Travis afterward why he had not tried to putt around the other man's ball. "Why," he replied, "I never thought I could hit it. It was so far away that I tried

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my best to keep on the line, thinking that my putt would vary just enough to clear his ball. I was as much surprised as any one when I struck the ball."

One thing I have noticed among young golfers is their great deliberateness. At my home city we have two very good young players. Some day they will be well-known figures in the golfing world, but I believe their progress will be slow. From watching them play, it seems to me that they have been warned so often never to become careless that they have gone to the other extreme. When either reaches the putting-greens, you wonder how long it will be before he will play his ball.

In the beginning of this chapter I said that I considered imagination represented eighty per cent. of the game of golf. The more I watch these two boys play, the more certain I am that this is so. Each studies every putt from both sides of the hole; each takes several practice swings before hitting the ball; and then each will play his shot. The strange part of it all to me is that they get such excellent results with such a method, for I doubt the wisdom of their course for many reasons.

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When a school-boy myself, I was as deliberate on the greens as either of these boys. Then I could fuss around over a putt and consume as much time as any one. To-day I know of no one who plays as rapidly as I do. And I know very well I am not careless.

My reasons for playing quickly are two: first of all, I begin concentrating upon my next shot as soon as I have hit the ball. I think of what club I should use, what position on the course I wish to reach, and all the points that have any bearing on my next move. These are decided before I reach my lie. Once there, there is no need of wasting a minute. My second reason for playing quickly is to prevent any disastrous thoughts creeping into my mind. For example, if I have a four-foot putt to make to win the hole, I take a glance at the cup, for the line can be seen instantly, immediately take my stance, and putt for this line. In following this procedure, the thought of "missing that putt" never has a chance to enter my head. I just don't give it time.

At one time or another, every golfer has heard a player remark, "I knew I should miss that putt!" This is a confession that he is

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thinking the wrong way about the game. Had he walked to his ball on the green, taken in the line of the putt at a glance, and concentrated his efforts upon putting the ball along this line, I feel quite certain he could have putted with a marked degree of confidence. It's the deliberate delay which permits one to get those upsetting thoughts about dubbing a shot. Don't give your mind time to consider any other matter than the correct playing of each shot.

The same line of reasoning applies to hazards. One of my friends who knows how to play golf wonderfully well always goes to pieces at a little water-hole on his home course. He told me the last time we played together on this course that on the previous round he had pitched eight balls into this pond before getting one safely over. The reason for this gross error is plain. He was thinking of the water to such an extent that he could not concentrate upon his shot. The sole cure for such trouble is to eliminate all thoughts except of keeping your eye on the ball.

Young golfers are too easily upset when they miss a shot. They invariably expect too

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much of themselves. This is more certain to be the case the better they play. They carry about with them the idea that every stroke should be perfection itself and that every putt should drop in the cup. This is a most unfortunate view to take of the game, although confidence is never amiss.

But young golfers possessing abundant confidence seem easily to overlook the fact that all players must make a few mistakes. I always allow for a few errors on each round. When I dub a putt or a stroke, I consider it as one of the inevitable errors of the game. This gives me a sort of reserve power that enables me to keep going all the while. Poor shots do not upset me. I refuse to become discouraged. On the other hand, the youngster with a good game in his bag is prone to crack when he plays a poor shot or two. The result is either a loss of temper or of concentration, both of which are fatal. Regardless of how badly things are going, one may console himself with the thought that the break in his favor will soon come. Bad lies, dubbed shots, and all those heart-breakers of a round, usually divide themselves equally between op-

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ponents. Do not let them upset you. Keep your mind on the next shot and play it before disconcerting thoughts can enter your mind. This is by far the best mental attitude to adopt when golfing. Otherwise, you will lose more than your share of matches as well as of the real pleasure golf willingly gives to those who can control themselves in every respect. To my way of thinking, golf is a splendid developer of character. Self-control is one of the finest qualities to possess, and there is really no better way to test your supply of it than to play golf.

CHAPTER XIII

DRIVING: DISTANCE AND ACCURACY

THE man who is fortunate enough to gain more than local fame, if such it may be called, in this wonderful game of golf is the object of many queries about this, that, or the other thing in connection with his play and his experiences on the links. He is certain to be asked what club he likes most among those which he generally carries; what kind of shot he likes most to play; what club he considers most valuable; and what shot gives him the greatest inward sensation of pleasure when successfully accomplished. Some golfers may find such questions easy to answer, but I must confess to a measure of perplexity, at times, in diagnosing my own impressions, particularly with reference to what shot gives the greatest reward in thrills. There unquestionably is a great delight in getting away a long, straight drive, where the ball travels far through the

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air, and perhaps bounds merrily along for many additional yards after striking the ground; there is the pleasure, inspired by a feeling of mastery, in compelling the ball to turn either to right or left to avoid some hazard, simply by a knowledge of how to hit it for what is termed a slice or pull; there is joy in laying a mashie-shot dead, when you know that you have hit it firmly and have gained only what the shot actually deserved; there is a sort of exultation in hitting a long putt boldly and seeing the ball drop into the cup, an exultation intensified if you happen to have that putt for a half or the hole. Yet more than any of these, as I think over the gamut of shots in golf, it strikes me that the greatest delight of all is to find the ball sitting nicely up on the turf in the fairway with enough distance ahead to call for a full shot with the brassie, and then get away cleanly, with all the force at command, a shot with that club which, except for the number who use it for driving, has gone much out of fashion in these days of the lively ball.

My observation would lead me to believe that the average golfer has his greatest pleas-

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ure when he makes what, for him, is an unusually good drive. This does not necessarily apply to the long hitter. There must be just as much satisfaction in a drive of 175 yards for the man who normally gets only 150, as in a drive of 300 yards for him who frequently gets 250. In either case, there is the inward feeling of having accomplished something out of the ordinary, something which proves that there are latent powers in the man to be developed, so that, in time, his long drive of to-day will be his normal drive of to-morrow.

This matter of driving is one point that I would like to dwell upon, for it is a department of the game in which the young golfer, or the beginner, is apt to start out with misguided ideas. In previous chapters it has been pointed out that the long driver is not necessarily the winner. Moderate distance, combined with accuracy, will win far more matches, or produce far better scores, than extraordinary distances but bad direction. If a golfer goes on the tee and with a prodigious effort sends the ball 300 yards, but out of bounds, what has he gained? Only the right to play another ball from the tee, with the chance of equally dis-

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astrous results from the very fact that he already has wasted a stroke. One of the commonest mottoes is that "the longest way round is the shortest way home"; but in golf that is seldom the case; its only application, perhaps, is on a hole of the dog-leg variety, where one golfer takes a chance of getting into trouble by cutting a corner, while the other elects to play strictly along the line of the fairway.

It is an excellent thing for the golfer to get into the habit, if he can, of mentally comparing his drive with what he remembers having done before at the same hole, rather than to disparage it by noticing how many yards he may be in back of his friend or rival. If he can bring himself into this enviable frame of mind, he has done much toward a greater enjoyment of golf, as well as toward greater efficiency in competition. This lesson came home to me during the Greater Boston Interscholastic Championship of 1910, at the Woodland Golf Club. One of the side events of that championship was a driving-competition, which took place at the eighth hole. When it came my turn to drive, I got away three drives that I inwardly thought were "beauties." They were

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hit clean and hard, and the distances gained were highly satisfactory to me as I stood on the tee. When it came to measurements, however, my three efforts were far short, in total distance, of the three which won the prize. The fact that I had hit three balls cleanly and with all the power that I could muster brought the realization that I simply was not physically constituted to compete successfully in a driving-competition with older and stronger boys, and I perforce had to derive what satisfaction I could out of the fact that I had done as well as I did.

Long driving is not an over-night acquirement. The boy or girl who takes up golf and expects to acquire distance and accuracy in short order is pretty apt to be disappointed. Getting greater distance is a slow, steady, and almost imperceptible process, which comes about as the golfer's muscles are strengthened by the process of swinging the clubs, as mind and muscles get to working in better unison, and as practice allows the player to think and worry less over whether he is going to hit the ball squarely from tee or fair-green. When that part of the game becomes a little more

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second nature, then there is fairly certain to be a few yards' additional length with the wooden shots and long irons, because the swing is apt to become freer.

Sometimes it makes quite a difference what style of club the golfer is using. When I was a youngster and new to the game, I labored under the false impression that in order to get equal distance with other boys larger than myself it would be necessary for me to use a long and comparatively heavy driver, the length to provide added leverage, and the weight to give just so much more initial impetus to the ball in its flight. It is with a smile that I now recall how at one time, when considerably younger and smaller than now, I struggled along with a driver forty-six inches long and fifteen ounces in weight, longer and heavier than the clubs which I use to-day. Of course it did not bring about the desired results, because the driver was too long and too heavy for me to swing quickly. It is quite likely that there are many playing the game to-day and getting poor results in their driving who would find quite an improvement if they used a brassie, instead of a driver, for the tee-shots. The

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brassie face is laid back more than that of the driver, and even though many brassies are made with only a little more loft than the driver, at the same time this little helps to get the ball into the air. It also has the brass on the bottom of the club, which gives a little more "bite" as the club-head sweeps the ground and comes in contact with the ball. Many golfers may prefer the driver because, with its straighter face, the trajectory of the ball is kept lower and gives more run to the ball; while it also works to advantage in playing against a wind. At the same time, one has, perhaps, more confidence in using a brassie with the feeling that it is just so much easier to get the ball away from the ground. It is entirely a matter for the individual, however. The only point that I would like to emphasize doubly is that it pays to learn to play the wooden clubs; for while the iron may produce excellent distance, there are times when a full brassie-shot or a full drive will save a stroke that never could be done with anything else. Moreover, the pleasure of getting away a full wooden shot, as I said before, is great.

For downright usefulness, as well as pleas-

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ure, there is hardly any other shot in golf quite the equal of the well-played mashie. There are long drivers in abundance, but it would not be stretching the point to say that for every twenty long drivers there is only one golfer who is equally effective with his mashie. This also refers to another club for the short approach, that is, the mashie-niblick, and perhaps, to a lesser extent, the niblick. The good drive unquestionably is a great asset in competitive golf but as a rule it is the skill with the mashie that ordinarily stamps one golfer as superior to another. Here is the club which comes into play when the ball is comfortably near the hole, and fortunate is the man who can consistently get his ball nearer the hole than his opponent. Not only is he surer of getting down in two putts, but he has so much greater percentage of opportunities for getting down in one.

It is surprising how different is the attitude with which many a golfer faces the drive and that with which he goes at his mashie-play. On the tee his method is bold. He takes his stance, takes back his club and hits at the ball in a manner which leaves no impression of

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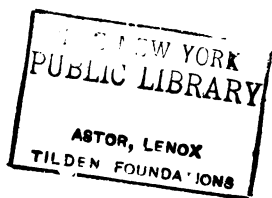
uncertainty as to his intentions. Plainly, it is his intention that the ball is to go as far from the tee as it is within his power to make it. But put that man within seventy-five or a hundred yards of a green, with a mashie in his hands and the ball in a good lie, and what happens? The distance is too short, we'll say, for a full mashie, and he hits the ball as if afraid that it might be an egg and that his club would break the shell. There is a lack of firmness about the shot which is fatal to success. It may not be so pronounced with a full mashie, but how often we see a seventy-five-yard approach only half hit, and the ball either stop well short of the green or barely get to the edge of it and still a considerable distance from the hole.

My own motto is that every shot should be hit firmly, the mashie as well as the long iron or the still longer drive. Therefore, as the mashie is the club of which so many golfers seem to feel "afraid" when facing a certain kind of shot, my own belief is that one of the best means of improving one's game is to put in a tremendous amount of practice with the mashie. Walter J. Travis was never what

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might be called a long driver, but he won tournament after tournament and a number of championships because of his extraordinary skill with the mashie, supplemented by his remarkable putting. And even his putting had some of its success, no doubt, because of his mashie-play. A man who could so uniformly lay his ball well up to the hole was fairly certain of going down with more than average frequency in one putt, and thereby came some of that reputation as a putter which fell to Mr. Travis's lot. That is my own explanation, at any rate; which is not saying, by any means, that Mr. Travis has not been a great putter even when his ball has been far from the hole.

The trouble that hosts of golfers experience in their mashie-play arises, according to my observation, from timidity—a tendency to let up in the stroke for fear of hitting too hard. Now with the mashie, or any other club, there is nothing more essential to success in golf than hitting the ball firmly. If the shot calls for a mashie, and yet the distance is too short for a full mashie, then, to my mind, the proper way to play it is to cut down the length of the swing and apply full power to the stroke, let-



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The address with a mashie, showing stance and grip.



The finish of a mashie pitch, showing club pointing in direction of the hole.

FRANCIS OUMET IN ACTION

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ting the shortening of the swing take care of the distance. The moment the effort is made to take the full mashie-swing, and then cut down the distance by letting down in force at the finish, the usual result is that the ball is not well hit, or it is not hit half hard enough. On the other hand, with the abbreviated swing, the ball is hit, relatively, just as hard as with the full swing; hence it is much more apt to go straight and is far better controlled. As to how far back to take the club for the distance to be gained, that is something on which, with practice and experience, the eye and muscles coördinate and telegraph to the brain instinctively. There are, of course, different kinds of mashie-shots to be learned, according to conditions of turf and other factors which enter into the game. If there is an approach which calls for a carry over a bunker fairly close to the green, the ball has to go into the air, and the golfer will learn that the best way of getting this result is by gripping his club loosely well up on the handle, letting the club-head brush the ground as it approaches it, and the natural loft of the club's face send the ball into the air. Then there is the approach where

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it is better to keep the ball low, where the grip is firmer and the ball somewhat "smothered" as the face of the club hits it and passes into the turf.

The firm stroke applies not only to the mashie, but to all the clubs used. Another point I should like to mention is that, in my opinion, it is unwise to "under-club" a shot, that is to say, not to press with a mashie to cover the distance which could be gained more easily with, say, a three-quarters shot with a mid-iron. The moment the player overexerts himself trying to get more than the normal distance with a club, he does so at the expense of accuracy. The thought of that extra distance to be covered predominates over everything else.

Along this same line, too, is another error to which many a golfer is prone, which is in thinking that, because his opponent has used a certain club for a certain shot, he must do likewise. Time and time again it has happened that one player in a match has taken, we'll say, a mid-iron to reach a green, and his opponent, seeing the success of the shot, takes the same club against his own inward convic-

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tion that he ought to employ a cleek. Each golfer should be his own best judge of what club to use for a shot, and not be governed by what anybody else does. The other player's mid-iron may be of a type for getting greater distance than yours, for one thing; and for another, it is always wisest to realize your own limitations and govern yourself accordingly.

CHAPTER XIV

THE ADVANTAGE OF LONG DRIVES

I KNOW there is great risk that I shall be misunderstood, but I want to state at the outset of this chapter that driving is one of the most important shots for youngsters to master when they take up golf, even though most championships have been won by approaching and putting. The fear I have in making this statement is that I shall encourage that fatal tendency which all golfers find it necessary to curb—the tendency to slug the ball in order to get distance. The results of such pressing are always discouraging. Happily for golf, there is a vast difference between driving, or using the wood, and in hitting the ball with sheer strength.

It seems to me that the reason for young players making every effort to master driving is most apparent. As time passes, the long drivers are forging to the front. In one year

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(1919), for instance, Hagen, Barnes, and Herron were at the top in amateur and professional ranks. A study of their games will show you that all three were well above the average from the tee, Herron especially so. But in every case they combined distance with accuracy. This latter quality must enter into the driver and brassie shots, else the player meets with disaster sooner or later, as does the slugger always for he lacks control.

The advantages of long wood-shots come more and more to the front. But this is never so when the long driver is lacking in skill with the other shots. I have stated at the outset that former titles went to those who best approached and putted. But to-day we are reaching a point in golf where many stars have almost equal ability at laying them dead with the irons or running them down when once on the green. There remains but one way for a competitor to win such a match with any degree of certainty when his opponent is his equal at short distances—long shots.

Last fall I had a talk with Charley Burgess, my club's professional, as to which is the most valuable stroke in golf. Burgess, a keen stu-

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dent of the game, gives this position to the long wood-shot. And he sums it up most effectively, so that any one may understand: "Let us take two players who are equal with the mashie and putter; one will win one day, the other the next. There is nothing outstanding in the game played by either which warrants the belief that one of these fellows is a better player than the other. Now here is where long shots come in. Let us take, for example, a hole of 485 yards, and assume that one of these players is long and accurate with his wood, and the other is only straight down the line. The long player will usually get on such a green in two shots. The accurate one takes three. Now, unless this third shot is dead to the pin, which it will not be in the long run, the golfer who consistently gets there in two is going to win such holes. It is these long holes which tell the tale in long driving versus average driving. When all else is equal, the long driver will win such matches. He's just bound to."

Nearly every golf article of merit deals with the importance of approaching and putting. The accent has always been placed there. There

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is no doubt in my mind that those authors experienced in the game itself, have hit the nail on the head in laying stress on these shots. Lacking skill in them, no golfer can ever break through to recognition. But they are by no means the gage to-day of top rank. It seems to me, however, that all this stress which has been placed on the short shots of the game has been heeded by all players who have reached any prominence. Those who rank well in golf to-day have certainly taken the wholesale advice given by all experts, in that they have practised with their irons and putters to such an extent that accuracy with them is assured. The lesson of golf, in so far as it applies to short shots, has been learned. This, more than all else, makes the argument for length more decisive. And those stars who, having mastered the mashie and putter, are now masters of the wood, are the ones who are forging to the front. A new school has arisen in golf, one that places no undue accent on any club.

The argument that one club tells the tale of success in golf is an old one. Nearly every player differs in his choice. Putting probably has the call, due to the great skill at putting of

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former champions like Travis and Travers, although the mashie, the club that brought such great honors to Evans, is a close second in popular choice. But the play of such men as Hagen, Barnes, Herron, and Bobby Jones, in 1913, convinced most players that length from the tee, length with the wood, is entering into the game as a decisive factor.

Immediately, the importance of long shooting was unduly emphasized. The pendulum, swinging back, drew our attention to this new scheme in golf, and, as in all such cases, we thought we saw here a cure-all for golf troubles. The cry went up that lengthy shots would hereafter tell the story of victory and success in our championships.

I do not wish to impress young players unduly with the value of length from the tee and down the fairways. It is important, and, as the game is now played, perhaps its turning-point. But it seems to me we should be sane about this whole matter of golf, and, before adopting this doctrine, try to consider all other points in common with this one. That has been my view of it, and the result of my findings is that golf is becoming a balanced game—

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that no one shot is more important than others, but that we must give as much attention to length as to approaching and putting. It seems to me that such a result gives the player a more all-around game, one lacking any particular weakness which would bring us to too many defeats when playing in our own class.

Thus I set down at the start of this chapter the importance of wood-shots. No young player now beginning the game should neglect his wood while mastering his mashie and putter. On the other hand, he should give like attention to each. And I placed accent on the wood, because it has been neglected in the past. We have been so impressed with the arguments about approaching and putting that we have failed to develop this other part of our game, which is equally important. By no means should one do that. Golf supremacy to-day and in the future comes only to that star who can drive long and accurately, approach "dead"-ly, and take not more than two putts on any green. It is just as important to reach the green in the least number of strokes as it is to run down your ball in the fewest putts.

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Another reason I have for placing stress on the wood is that here is a club difficult to master. In my own case, I have had fair success in golf, but my measure of victories would have been far more numerous had I been able to control my drives in various matches. Slices or hooks off various tees have too frequently left me unplayable lies. Such shots have cost me much. It was such a shot against Platt at Oakmont, in 1919, during the Amateur which assured him a win in an extra-hole battle. I have found control of my driving the most difficult play of all. Yet I really began my golf with such a club. So my feeling about the wood is: that driving cannot be practised too often; that one cannot begin playing with it too early in the game. There is unquestionably some mechanical principle involved which makes it more difficult to use this club well than the irons. Results indicate this.

Travers evidently thought so. I have seen him in big championships cast aside a brassie and take up an iron, though a long shot was required, one beyond reach of his iron. He had no confidence in the wood. He once won an open title by such a choice. Needing a four

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on a certain hole, his tee-shot left him within brassie distance of a well-trapped hole. But Travers elected his iron, although he was bound to fall short. He preferred to take his chance in pitching dead with his mashie on his third shot to trying for the green with his brassie on his second, the one club in his bag to get him home.

Although Walter Travis is credited with having won his high place in golf a few years back by his uncanny putting,—at which he had no equal,—it is evident that we have overlooked the fact that Travis was a master of the wood in so far as accuracy was concerned. He was never a long player. Thus he was frequently compelled to select his brassie for a shot that others would play with an iron. When he won the British Amateur in 1904, the first hole was a long two-shotter for Travis. His opponent was a tremendous driver and was about one hundred yards nearer the first green than Travis. But here Travis proved the value of the wood when he laid his brassie second dead. Had Travis been very long with his wood, no golfer would every have been in his class, for none was ever quite so accurate from

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tee to pin. I recall the story of a man who saw him play a match years ago, when the lines between tees and greens were generously marked with flags to show one the way. This fellow's story consisted mostly of the fact that he was afraid all along that Travis would hit every flag, so straight down the line were all his shots.

From that description you gain a fine idea of what is wanted with the wood. The ball must be played straight down the line, without slice or hook. I would advise all young players to work above all else for such a result with the wood. And then add slowly to this quality the valuable one of distance. Driving, long driving, is the most satisfying shot of all in golf. Nothing quite pleases one so much as a screaming tee-shot which never seems to cease rolling down the fairway. Not even the "cluck" of a long putt going into the cup so exhilarates the player. Therefore, we are always doing our level best, and then some, to gain the glow of satisfaction the long shots bring to us. The trouble is we too often press, too often slug, to get such a result. Wherein comes the cropper in golf. Nothing

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is so upsetting to one's game, as the miscued tee-shot or brassie.

Now, long driving is not slugging. It is a nicety of timing of a clean sweep. The club and the wrists do the work, not the sheer strength of the man. There are many men long from the tee who have no more strength than the average boy of fifteen. They will outdrive physical giants. Gardner is said to "hit them a mile," but he is no giant in strength. He simply knows how.

These are the points to remember when you take up your driving. Do not try to "kill" the ball. Neither distance nor accuracy will be yours if you do. Practise driving until you have mastered timing. Let the club do the work. If long drives were the inherent right of the strong alone, fellows like Evans would never be heard from in tournaments. Yet in the semi-finals of the 1920 Western Amateur, he took fewer strokes reaching the last eighteen greens than did Bobby Jones, a powerful player from tee to green, to say the least. No indeed! length from the tee is within reach of any of you. Let your professional show you how to obtain it.

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The big handicap of all young golfers is play. You fellows who have splendid possibilities set them aside day after day in your desire for competition. Practice is a grind with you. True, you will putter around with a few balls each day while waiting for the first tee to clear, or you may try a few mashie-shots. But how many of you conscientiously practise, and, during your practice, work out with your wood? I judge that less than one per cent. of our beginners ever take the trouble to do this, once they have taken a few lessons. How different from other sports!

A college football team will practise six days for a game. A professional baseball team spends a month or so in the South each winter practising for the season, and then a daily practice session is often the schedule mapped out. And a 'varsity crew will practise for three or four months for a race. But a would-be golfer will not so much as set aside an hour or so a week for practice. To be sure, I know that one can overdo practice. But a golfer who wants to succeed is never going to accomplish his ambition unless he schools himself to practise quite often. And not only must

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that practice include putting and approaching, but it should contain many hours with the wood.

There are ways and ways of practising. One gets but a little out of it if he just goes forth with a caddy and aimlessly hits balls. He should give his heart and mind to this work, studying each shot, analyzing each stroke, always seeking to understand the reasons. And when this is not to be done, when a fault crops up that you alone cannot erase, the sole solution is to call in a specialist. Golf has them in abundance.

You cannot place the blame on your failure to play well on any other cause. And you will never get the keen and thrilling satisfaction out of golf unless you give it such a study, yield to it much of your time. Boys and girls during their school-days have an advantage that older beginners lack—the time they can give the game. Once in business, the opportunities for practice are not so many. Besides, the younger players have all the advantage in that it is easier for them to learn the game. The earlier in life you start to master golf, the more readily you accomplish your desire.

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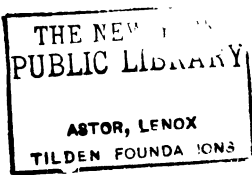
Youth's tendency is to play correctly. Later on, the inclination is to use force rather than skill, to make work of your shots.

There is nothing so exhilarating as a round or two a day with friends, when all play well. On the other hand, nothing is quite so upsetting as such a match filled with dubs and bungles. To-day you make your choice as to which type of game is to be yours through life.



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JOCK HUTCHINSON



CHAPTER XV

UNTIL THE LAST PUTT IS HOLED

NEVER think of a golf match as lost. Keep playing the game for all you are worth no matter what the score or who your opponent may be. It is an actual fact that no game was ever decided until the last putt was holed. As a result some of the most startling upsets known in the whole world of sport have happened in golf. Contestants apparently hopelessly defeated have actually won out. In nearly every match or championship something happens which changes the outcome. I know what I'm writing about when I put down these statements. I know they are based on facts and that every golfer will bear witness to their truth. And I say this here because possession of this knowledge is about the most valuable information any youngster can have when he begins competing in matches.

The very first time I ever played in a big

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tournament these facts were brought to my attention. This was back in 1913 in the United States Open Championship. Thanks to the solicitations of some good friends I had allowed myself to be entered and for no other reason than that the experience would prove valuable to me. The thought of competing against such stars as Ted Ray, Harry Vardon, Jim Barnes, John McDermott then in his prime, to say nothing of others almost too numerous to mention, seemed to me to be sheer nonsense when it came down to the hope of doing well. In short, I felt that I really had no business playing as I would be almost certain to hold up the course at some time or other.

What happened was a greater surprise to me than to any one else. At the end of three rounds I found myself blessed with the good luck of fine scores and a fine lead. Had I been equal to turning in a fair score on the last round the title would have been mine then and there. But for some unaccountable reason the thought of winning actually overwhelmed me as I began my last round, with the result that I failed to miss a single trap on the way out. Holes that I had never had much trouble in

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negotiating in fours, called for fives and sixes. At the end of the morning my total was uncommonly large. There was not a person in the gallery following me that would have given a nickel for my chances. There was a sudden change. Chip-shots started to drop dead to pins; putts that had been running by, commenced clucking into the cup with cheerful regularity; and drives began traveling far and true. Soon I found myself back in the running. When the scores were all recorded I found myself in a triple tie for first place.

I shall never forget that play-off. That part of it which I am going to set down here, the part that more than any other one was responsible for my victory, will prove to you how uncertain is golf, and how true the remark that a match is never over until the last putt is holed. Vardon, Ray and I were playing the fifth hole, one of 420 yards over exacting grounds. On the right of the fairway was a fringe of trees beyond which ran the inevitable boundary. On the left there was long grass. Thus a drive had to be both accurate and long. As I recall the play, Ray pulled his tee shot well to the left and into the long grass, making

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it impossible for him to reach the green with his second. Vardon and I were well down the middle within easy reach of the green. His second caught its right hand corner.

It was raining hard at the time so I took unusual care to see that the grip of my club was dry before attempting my approach. In some manner it got wet so that it turned in my hands just as I was playing the shot, with the result that my ball slid off the face of my club in the general direction of the fringe of trees. Those of you who play golf know the many valuable strokes that are lost in trying to avoid trees when playing through them. Thus you will appreciate that when I had met with this misfortune I was quick to believe my chances lost. If luck was with me I might possibly play out for the loss of but a single stroke, but the chances were that it would take me two or three before I would be in a position to reach the green.

I have discovered often that when one is expecting to get the worst of the break in a game, he is more than likely to be rewarded with the best. Such was my good fortune in this instance, for in some unaccountable way

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my ball had bounded through the trees and out-of-bounds. In those days the penalty for such an event was the loss of distance only. Playing another ball I took care that nothing on my part would cause it to go astray. This one went true to the green and thanks to a mediocre shot on the part of Vardon I managed to halve the hole with both him and Ray. But as I look back upon that particular part of our match I attribute my luck there as the cause of my success in the end. Had my second failed to jump out-of-bounds I'm quite sure my defeat would have occurred then and there.

When William C. Fownes won the United States Amateur Championship in 1910 he had every reason to believe that "Chick" Evans, his opponent in the semi-finals, would be a certain victor, considering his lead of two up and three to go. "Chick" was then in his teens, but his game was almost as sound as to-day and surely as graceful. When they played the short sixteenth and "Chick" with his lead dropped a mashie shot twelve feet from the cup and Fownes had failed to get on, every one was sure "Chick" was the winner. This

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seemed even more certain when Fownes' second was away. But the latter is a great fighter, one never to give up. Living up to this reputation he holed the putt. This left "Chick" with two putts for a half, and one for a victory.

It is not generally known but in those days Evans did his tournament putting with a lofted mid-iron. This gave the ball a decided jump when it left the face of the club. Such a shot is not conducive to good putting, especially when the greens are fast and true as they were on that day. Thus his putt jumped his ball so that it ran some four feet beyond the pin. Again he attempted the same shot and again his ball went by the hole. So instead of securing a win or a half Evans lost the hole. The next hole went to Fownes when he played a magnificent iron dead to the pin.

The last hole was romantic. They came to the tee all even, the title to rest on the outcome of their play here. Both reached the green in two strokes, Evans away. Robert Hunter, a friend of "Chick's," was caddying for him, and incidentally giving him advice. They both studied the putt carefully, a difficult putt, too, but not more so than the one Fownes

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faced. Again "Chick" took his lofted mid-iron from the bag. He calculated to a nicety the few feet he had to make to reach the cup, but again the jump imparted to his ball by the iron caused it to roll merrily on some eight feet beyond the hole. Fownes, appreciating that his opportunity was at hand, carefully laid his ball within a foot of the cup.

So "Chick" found himself at last in the embarrassing position of having to sink a treacherous eight-footer with his mid-iron in order to stave off defeat—a tremendous handicap after having had a lead of two and three but a few minutes before. Hunter here followed "Chick" in sighting the line. Then he offered some advice and the latter immediately putted. The ball had scarcely started when "Chick" turned to his friend and remarked, "Bob, I never hit it." He was right, as his ball stopped about half a foot short of the hole. Whereupon Fownes stepped up and sank his for the match, an uphill victory if ever there was one. This is just another instance that a match is never won until the last putt is in, no matter how big the handicap one finds himself facing.

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Five years later Gardner won our amateur title at the Detroit Country Club, although every one—except Gardner himself—had it figured that Max Marston had eliminated him in the semi-final round. Marston had held a lead most of the day until it finally narrowed down to the stage where he was three up and five to go. Gardner staged a rally but when they came to the last hole he faced the alternative of winning it or of being put out. Both put their tee shots on the green. Marston was away and he played his putt to within eighteen inches of the cup. Gardner had to sink a ten-footer to win; at least it appeared to be that way. His trial was one of those exasperating ones which squirm all round the edge of a hole but fail to drop in. With a typical smile this sterling sportsman strode forward evidently willing to concede the victory. For a second he hesitated, finally deciding that Max should go “through the motions” because it happened to be the tell-tale shot of their match. The latter stepped quickly to his ball, took his stance, putted and, to the amazement of the large gallery, failed to hole out. It was a dramatic moment. Fate had been unkind to

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Marston in that instance for on the next hole Gardner disposed of him, and the next day defeated John Anderson in the finals.

One never can tell! At Pittsburgh in 1919 I lost a match which I thought was mine just before Platt turned the tables on me. In this affair I found myself four down and five to go, certainly not an enviable position. But by a big effort I managed to square the account on the last hole. Playing the first extra hole my drive caught the long grass to the left of the fairway; Platt's ball was well placed but too far back for him to reach the green on his second. I felt that if I could reach the green that here was my chance to win. As my lie was not particularly good I selected a mashie, thus necessitating my playing it with full force. It was my good fortune to reach the green, my ball coming to rest some eighteen feet from the pin. Platt's second fell some forty yards short, leaving him a nasty approach. On account of the lay-out of that particular green and the approaches it was up to Platt to perform miracles to prevent defeat. And that is just what he did, for his third shot was so accurate that it all but rolled in for a three. I se-

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cured my four on a hole, that but a minute or two before I thought was surely mine and with it the defeat of my opponent. The next hole cost me that match.

Golf has often the most topsy-turvy changes that sport knows of. Such was the match played between "Chick" Evans and Eben Byers during the 1913 Amateur at Garden City. "Chick" was six up and thirteen to play when the fireworks began. Byers started them after a day of poor golf for a former champion. Of a sudden he began holing putts from all angles and distances, and before "Chick" knew it they were at the last hole with his lead cut to one up. Both pitched safely to the green at this stage of the match and it looked like a sure thing for Evans when he ran his putt to within a few feet of the cup. But when Byers had made his try he had unintentionally laid "Chick" a dead stymie. "Chick" was forced to jump the other's ball. In making the attempt he ran some eighteen inches beyond. Now all that Byers needed to square the match was to sink one of about like distance. Byers tried, no doubt as to that, but he tried just a bit too much for his ball squirmed right by the hole and laid "Chick"

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another stymie, this one impossible to negotiate. In the end the hole was won by Byers. It took three extra holes for "Chick" to win out.

Time and again have I been impressed with the fact that it is never too late to win a golf match. You never can tell when you are going to come along with an unbeatable streak that will bring you from behind under the most hopeless of conditions and send you home the winner. It is never too late to try. As an instance of this let me set down the story of a match I played several years ago with Mike Brady. We had many mutual friends, and these fellows finally talked us into a friendly battle in the nature of a home and home series. The first half of it was to be staged at Mike's club and the second at mine. It was to be a '72 hole affair.

At the end of my journey at Mike's club I was six down. This would ordinarily mean I was not playing up to form. As a matter of fact I was. The cause for Mike's lead was the kind of golf he was producing. I simply could not keep pace with him although my 73 in the morning and 74 in the afternoon shows how well I was doing. Friends came to me after-

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ward and had a great deal of fun at my expense. I took it all in good part knowing that another day was coming and that it might be my turn next.

After the first eighteen at my club Mike was still six up. I was still hoping, but fully cognizant that my task of winning under the circumstances was as tough a job as I ever encountered. When we began play in the afternoon Mike took the first two holes and I found myself eight down and sixteen to go. I resolved right there I would n't lose another hole. I just could n't in order to have a ghost of a chance. Brady, on the other hand, must have felt right here that the match was as good as won. They never are. He missed his second to the third green and I picked up a hole, as well as the fourth and fifth. Five down was better. The sixth and seventh were halved and the eighth was mine, thanks to a deadly approach. Then it came to me that I had a good chance and I could feel myself getting all keyed up for the effort.

The ninth hole at Woodland, where we were playing, is 460 yards. Under the conditions we found this called for a long drive and iron to

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reach the green. My drive was O. K. but my second landed plump into a sand-trap near the green. Mike's was on the edge. He had but to chip or putt dead to the hole, so it seemed, to regain his lead of five up. But Mike did n't do this so we halved the hole. On top of that he played the tenth and eleventh badly and I soon found myself but two down and seven to go, a far less serious situation than the one confronting me a few holes before.

We continued to the fifteenth with nothing worthy of mention. Here I was counting on a win with my ball on in three and Mike in four, especially when my approach putt stopped eighteen inches from the cup. But one never can tell what will happen in golf. Mike made a splendid try for a half when he attempted his twenty-footer, so good that it stopped on the very edge of the cup—seemingly waiting for a breeze to whisp it in—and directly in my line. Here was a situation to unravel. If I played for the cup I would be sure to sink his ball and probably fail to run down my own. Ordinarily I would have jumped at the chance of running down both of them. But in this case there were but three holes remaining and I was al-

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ready two down. I calculated that it was better to be two down and three to play than to take the chance. I had to be satisfied with a half.

The next hole fell to me. Thus I was but one down with two to play. I must say that Brady was in a most trying position. It is a matter of no small moment in golf to find a big lead swept to almost nothing, particularly when your own game seems to have suffered a let down. That was the situation Brady was fighting. That was why I was determined to press my present advantage to the very limit. So I played the seventeenth without a flaw and won it. At last we were square. This was due to having pinned my faith to the belief that a match is never lost until the last putt has been holed. We halved the last hole. Consequently an extra thirty-six were agreed upon on neutral links to settle our argument. This I managed to win.

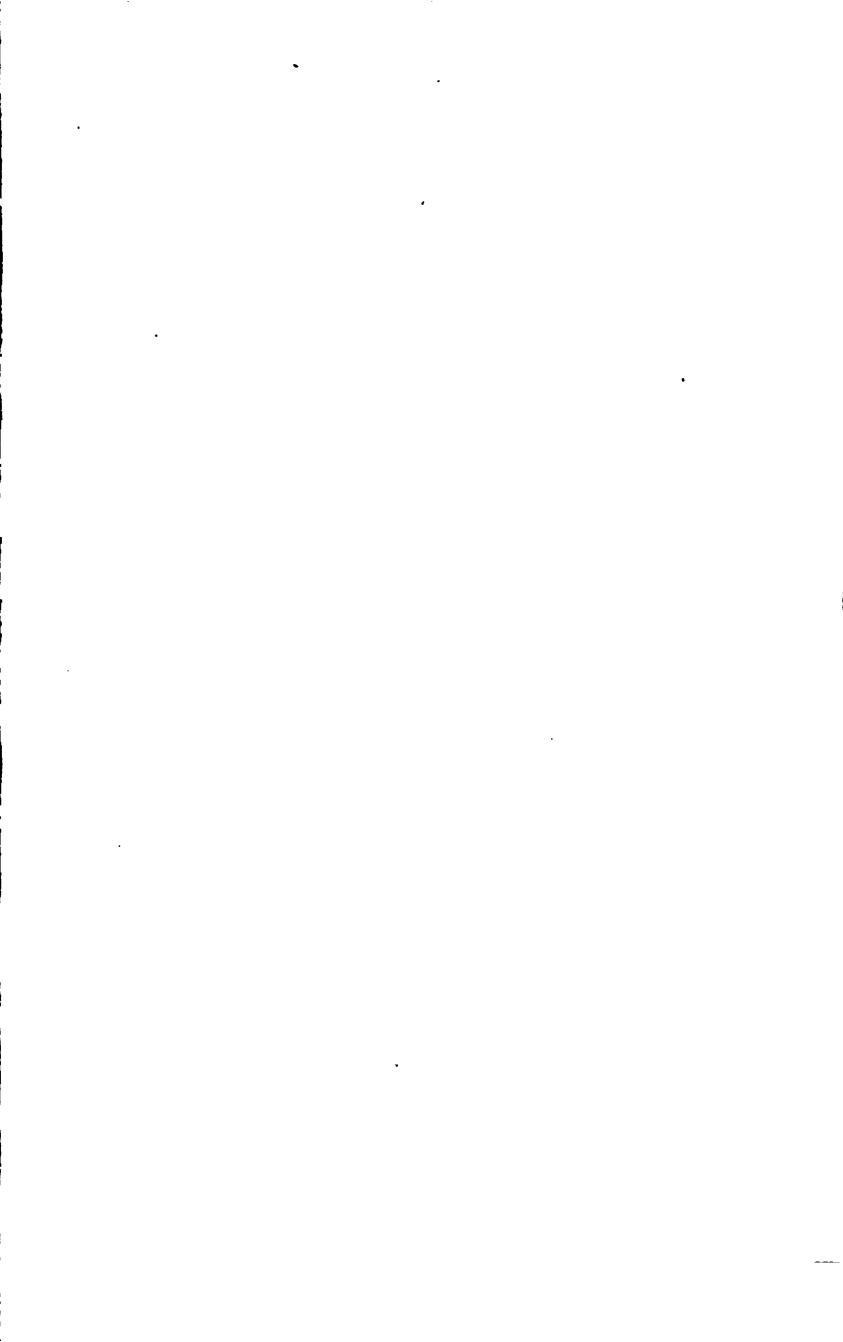
So I'm a firm believer in the golf doctrine that it is never too late to win a match. It has certainly worked in my case and I'm quite sure every golfer has had many similar experiences. To such an extent is this so that I've set down

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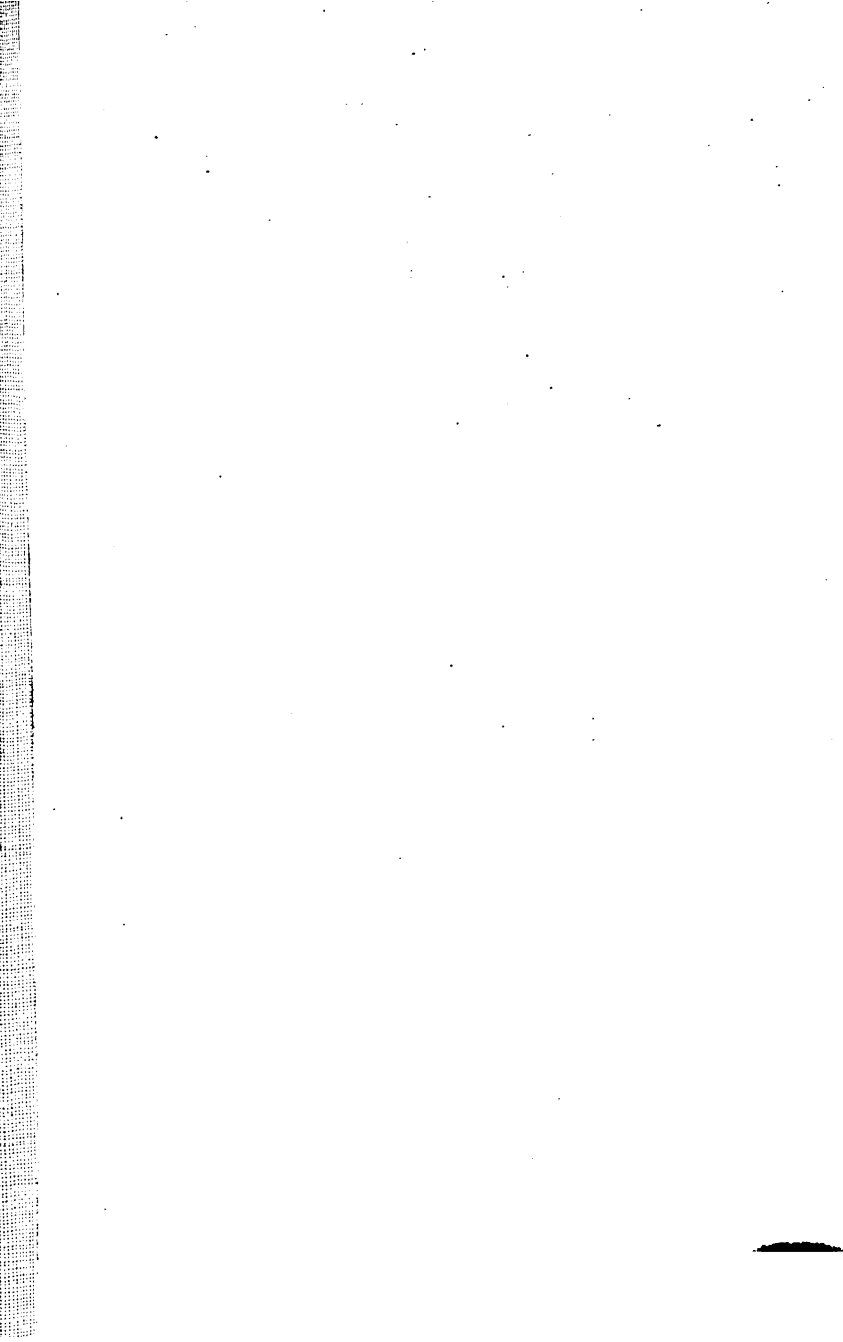
these few salient examples for youngsters in order that they may profit by them. He's a wise golfer who knows this fact, and one who is decidedly hard to defeat. By all means remember to play the game for all you are worth no matter what the score or who your opponent may be, and the number of unexpected victories which fall to your lot will be most surprising. That's a tip worth pasting in your cap to be read before every match is begun.

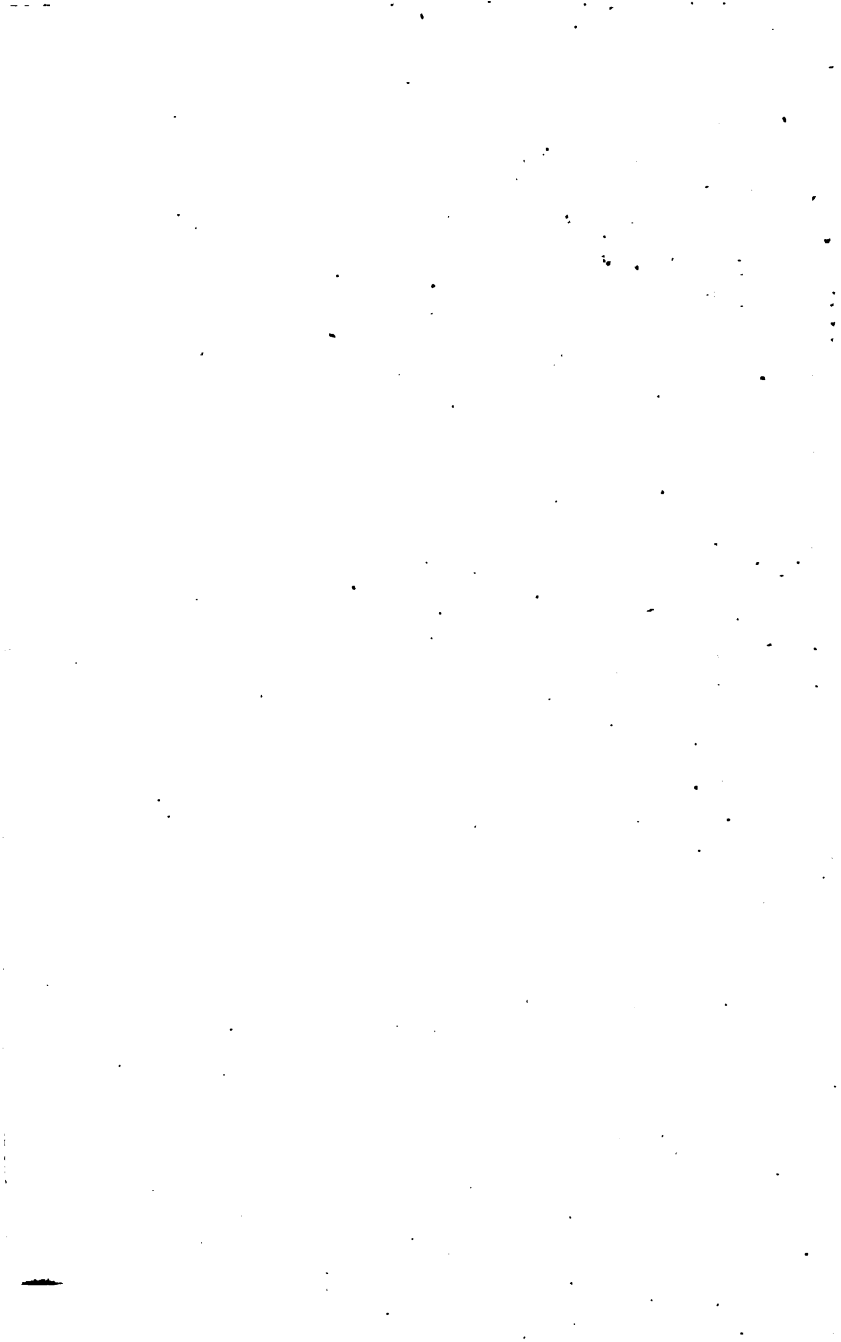
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